

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## THE HOUSE OF NIGHT.

All day about my spirit's house  
I mend the fires, and dust and sweep;  
All day, as quiet as a mouse,  
My thoughts lie, hidden and asleep.

But when the working hours are past,  
And when I hope the day is dead,  
And though the night is earned at  
last—

They come and find me, in my bed.

They have no pity, and they come,  
They search my spirit through and  
through,  
And some are conscious, some are  
dumb,  
But all are sorrow, all are you.

And oh, to be a child again,  
A fair, white room untenanted. . . .  
Thoughts never blurred the window-  
pane,  
Nor came and crouched beside my  
head.

V. H. Friedlaender.

The Westminster Gazette.

## IN THE MIDST OF THEM.

*"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look on me, a little child.  
Pity my simplicity  
And suffer me to come to Thee."*

Now prevails a creed which tells  
Us to seek no miracles.  
Reason by discovered lore  
Reigns where Faith was found be-  
fore.

God, Who set our world aspin,  
Now is weary of its din;  
He, Who for our fathers' sake  
Conjured lightning and earthquake,  
Vanquished sorrow, sickness, death,  
Deems we are not worth the Breath  
That blessed the trusting prophet's rod  
When Moses called upon his God.  
How dare we expect Him give  
Miracles to help us live?

Yet I build on Him Who saith,  
"Move the mountains with your  
faith"—

Doubt the lips that falter, wan,  
"The age of miracles is gone!"  
I have learned to read the grim  
Testimony unto Him  
Printed with starvation's hand  
On every hovel through the land;

I have swung the crazy door  
To find huddled on a floor  
Rat-gnawed and riddled, with never a  
clout

To keep the eager winter out,  
Some six or seven of our kind  
Shivering beneath the wind,  
Foodless, fireless, hungry-eyed,  
Crouched round one who just had died,  
Hopeless that the dawn would bring  
Friendly aid and comforting.

And after prayer for the parted soul,  
They have thanked the slender dole,  
And spoken of hope of days to come,  
And have forgotten their martyrdom.  
The anguished grief of motherhood  
Has firmly whispered "God is good  
And can in His Eternity  
Repay this present loss"; till I  
Have almost turned my head to see  
If Christ has not come in with me!

*Gentle Jesus, mild and meek,  
These the simple words I speak  
Are the faith Thou gavest me;  
Suffer me to come to Thee!*  
Maurice Healy.

## TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER.

Thou still hast taught me, since the  
dawn

Of that May morning, when I stood  
Joy-stricken on the dew-drenched lawn,  
While all around

The great bird-chorus gathered to a  
flood

Of rapturous sound;

And mingled my full heart with theirs,  
And, as the sun rose, sought again  
The cradled answer to my prayers,  
And met those eyes

Untroubled yet by joy, undimmed by  
pain,

So calm, so wise.

Alfred Hayes.

## THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

Mr. Bonar Law has achieved his new office under the fairest of political auspices. A party which last summer appeared to be in the depths of disintegration and despair, is now looking forward with confidence to a day not very far distant when it will assume the reins of Imperial Office. The event has, indeed, falsified the predictions of those palæolithic prophets who have declared for years unnumbered, with a reiteration which grew positively painful, that the retirement of Mr. Balfour spelt the end of any confidence which the country could feel in Conservatism. On the contrary, the party, now free from the well-intentioned and metaphysical blight which the ideas of Hatfield dispersed over the whole length and breadth of the United Kingdom, is showing a buoyancy and almost youthful determination which has long been foreign to its character as an Opposition. Unionism has at last given the view halo at the sight of its predestined prey.

It would be absurd to attribute such a phenomenon to any one fact. The collocation of circumstances which have produced this single result are compounded with many contributory items—the retirement of the ex-leader, the commanding powers exhibited by his successor, the sudden growth of anti-Ministerialist feeling, the dissensions in the Cabinet, old party promissory notes which must now at last be paid in full, and last, but not least, the Chancellor of the Exchequer's complete loss of nerve and self-control.

It is not easy to express the immense confidence and enthusiasm which Mr. Bonar Law's accession to power has generated in the minds of his followers. It has found the less open expression because those public men or publicists who supported one or other

of the rival candidates for the office had not cared to express their appreciation of Mr. Law's inaugural moves lest they should be suspected of sycophancy or of turning to the rising sun. The motive is an honorable one, if it has been liable to misconstruction. As a matter of fact, the whole party is to-day perfectly satisfied that Mr. Law, under the most difficult and delicate of conditions, has made no mistake and no single false move, either as regards the internal position of the party or in his relations to the Ministerial Front Bench. The speech at Leeds was admirable. That great annual meeting of all the Unionist associations of the country was, by the accident of events, thrust on the new leader before he had had a moment to turn round or to take any broad survey of the situation.

Under the circumstances, it would have been pardonable if a man with the new leader's lack of official experience and distinguished oratorical powers had taken refuge either in a timid repetition of well-worn shibboleths, or in a flamboyant rhetoric designed to mark the opening of a new epoch. The new leader did neither. He was quiet, lucid, and extraordinarily determined without use of that offensive language which in women denotes hysteria and in Mr. Lloyd George the feeling that things are going badly. He indicated to his audience and to the country that he was one of those men who are quietest when they really mean business. The truth of the matter is that his Majesty's Ministers have traded too long on Mr. Balfour's profound moderation and innate dislike to civil disturbance, whether that disturbance be in a gagged House of Commons or in a country deprived of its constitutional rights. They have come to believe that any outrage could be passed off

under cover of the constitutional good humor of the leader of the Opposition. That happy epoch has come to an end. In Mr. Law Ministers have struck a man of a grim and invincible determination, the quietude of whose external demeanor is only a mask for the forces which exist within; the longer, however, that Ministers prefer to believe the contrary, the better for the fortunes of the Unionist party.

It is, indeed, to his Majesty's Ministers that our greatest gratitude is due. The turn of the tide was bound to come anyway, but they have antedated that turn. In this their action has been dictated, partly by pure folly, and partly by the inexorable logic of events. The fact of the matter is that Lloyd Georgism is not Liberalism, and that the Chancellor is not a Liberal. Liberalism in our day has stood firmly for Disestablishment, waveringly for Home Rule, persistently for a reversal of the Education Act of 1902, and venomously for the punishment of peers and publicans alike. This is the policy for which Mr. Asquith stood and stands, and everyone knows it. It was this orthodox programme, this echo of disastrous Newcastle, that Ministers began to produce after 1906. The proceeding left the country cold. This was not the *dénouement* to which the country imagined the delirious transports of that election were to lead. Within eighteen months by-election after by-election began to indicate that the country was no more Liberal in Mr. Asquith's sense than it was in 1895.

The writing was on the wall, and it is a bold man who will attempt to blot out Mene Tekel. At this point the Chancellor came to the rescue with a policy, which, whatever its merits or defects, had no connection whatever with the Liberalism of the Prime Minister or Mr. Gladstone. Probably neither side understood fully for what

stakes they were playing on the Budget issue; neither believed that the other side really meant grim business. As a result, the Conservatives lost the Constitution (a heavy penalty enough, but not, as events are shaping, an irreparable one); while the Liberals lost a hundred seats, and, in reality, their own independence of every separate force which ever joined to make them a Ministry. Verily the whirligig of Limehouse has brought its revenges. That speech excluded Unionism from office at a time when it was utterly unfit to possess it, while it brought back on the Chancellor with one tremendous rebound the whole of the Newcastle programme.

What have been the topics which have agitated Parliament and the country since—the Lords, Newcastle; Home Rule, Newcastle; Disestablishment, Newcastle; the Chancellor has, indeed, striven heroically against Fate; knowing well that all these policies have long been relegated to the limbo of the pre-historic, he attempted in the cramped time left at his disposal to carry an Insurance Bill which should distract attention from the unpopularity of the older creeds of Liberalism.

Let us review for a moment the Chancellor's gyrations since the last election. The moment that it became clear that the Parliament Bill would pass, it became certain that all post-obits on the Lords issued by Ministers would have to be met in full, and promptly. Mr. Redmond and the Welsh would wait no longer; Mr. Redmond was master of the situation, while since practically every Radical member in Wales was either a knight or a baronet, the resources of civilization for postponing Welsh Disestablishment were pretty well exhausted. Indeed, if Welsh and Irish measures were to have any real chance of passing the postponing powers of the Lords



before a dissolution, 1912 was the last session available. Mr. Lloyd George was, however, perfectly sure that there was no electioneering cash in Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment; on the contrary, they were likely to be profoundly unpopular. The Insurance Bill then was rushed to the front in the fragment still left of 1911, to be to those measures what Old Age Pensions and the Budget were to Free Trade and the Licensing Bill—the jam to cover the powder. The actual effects of the Insurance Bill on Ministerial popularity are an ironic comment on this ingenious plan!

Indeed, it is very difficult to understand how even a politician, possessed of the extraordinary slap-dash qualities of the Chancellor, could ever have expected even the best of contributory Bills to be instantaneously popular. The more reasonable belief is that, however much Ministers may have under-estimated the difficulties and dangers of their scheme, they never thought it would be a great popular success. What they did think was that the Tory opposition to it would be a tremendous and unpopular failure. It was not the detailed merits of the Bill which were to commend it, it was the Whitefield rhetoric about wicked Mr. Balfour and the rich who would baulk the People's Insurance. Indeed, both at Birmingham early, and at Whitefield's late, in the campaign, Mr. Lloyd George was obviously firing carefully-trained guns at an enemy which, unfortunately for him, had failed to keep the military appointment. The speeches as a result fell completely flat. The trap was tasteful in appearance and neatly set, but the rats had—engagements elsewhere.

It is, indeed, perfectly clear that a blank opposition to the Bill might have led to its rapid passage through the Commons in a storm of popular indignation and a period of unpopularity for

Toryism, while the details of the Bill were ill-understood and its application was still six or nine months' distant. Toryism, in a word, would have entered on the Home Rule struggle under a severe handicap in the great industrial centres.

But Mr. Lloyd George omitted two factors from his calculations. In the first place, there is an adage, "once bit, twice shy." The Chancellor had shown in the time he allowed for the debates in the Commons on the Land Taxes of 1909, that he understood the well-known pugilistic trick of giving your opponent an obvious opening in order to deliver the knock-out blow. No "Insurance Protest League" was organized the day after the first reading. On the contrary, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Austen Chamberlain approached that first reading in a spirit of wise and prudent circumspection.

In the second place, Ministers made no allowance for the great strides which the Tory-Democratic movement has made in the Tory ranks since 1903. That sentiment, always innate in Toryism, and vastly stimulated by the economic conceptions underlying Tariff Reform, has gained a strong hold on the minds of the Unionist representatives of the great urban centres; nor does its influence stop there. It so happened that the feeling had found definite expression in a group committee under the chairmanship of Mr. F. E. Smith at the very moment that the Insurance Bill was introduced. The members of that committee were far from regarding the principle of the Bill with disapproval. On the contrary, they considered that a scheme of contributory insurance was the right way to deal with the question. And since those who know their subject will always exercise a strong influence over the minds of those who do not, the views of the social reformers in the party became the deciding factor in the

Unionist attitude towards the Bill. The Opposition decided to approve the principle of the Bill without committing itself to its details. By this providential means a very serious risk was averted from Unionism, and a most damaging blow inflicted on Ministerial prospects, for it was in the detail that the whole weakness of the Bill consisted.

The Chancellor, however, was not done yet. It was impossible after the first and second readings to denounce the Tories as opposed to the Insurance of the people in principle; but was it not possible to make them equally responsible with Ministers for any electoral trouble the details of the scheme might cause? Overtures in this sense were therefore made, and might, indeed, have been accepted, willingly or unwillingly, by the Opposition chiefs but for two considerations—time and the Chancellor's method of handling the House of Commons and the vested interests. The Unionist party could not possibly have agreed to seeing a Bill for which they were jointly responsible passed under the conditions of time and discussion which Ministers proposed. Yet the Ministerial time-table was absolutely inelastic for one simple reason. They could not prolong the discussion of the Bill into the present year because to do so would have jeopardized the prospects of Home Rule, and this Mr. Redmond would not permit. Newcastle was again too much for the Chancellor.

In the second place, the Opposition leaders did not approve of the new Ministerial practice of settling vital points in the Bill by a system of private conferences with vested interests, the results of which conferences were then thrust upon the House of Commons by the mechanical use of the majority. They could not co-operate usefully without attending these concillabulones—but to have done so would

have been to substitute secret government by the two Front Benches and some private individuals for government by discussion and the House of Commons. In this way failed Mr. Lloyd George's alternative scheme for inveigling the Opposition. No wonder that of late there have been signs of temper in Downing Street.

In the meantime, as the summer discussions proceeded, it became increasingly clear that the Bill was an utter frost in the constituencies, while not so amazingly unpopular as was, and is, widely believed on both sides. The Bill was yet likely to do the Government more harm than good. Certainly as a method of stemming or postponing a turn of the tide it was futile. Its vital defect, both as a legislative enactment and as a popular measure, began to stare everyone in the face. No Bill could survive the hostility of the friendly societies; but to settle their sentimental and financial objections was such an appallingly costly proceeding that every other interest and class not immediately bound up with these organizations had to be sacrificed ruthlessly. The post office contributors, the agricultural laborers, the doctors, the domestic servants, the clerks, the town worker earning less than 24s. a week, soldiers and sailors, were allowed to go to the wall. Some grievances have, indeed, been remedied, but there is no money to remedy the main defect. The exclamations of the sufferers have been becoming increasingly vociferous, and by-elections, especially in Scotland and in the agricultural districts, have begun to wear an ugly look. Indeed, as early as last summer there was a panic in the Liberal ranks which was reflected in the Cabinet, and a determined effort was made to secure the withdrawal of the Bill. The Chancellor, however, faced his friends firmly; but his remarks about standing or falling by the Bill were addressed,

not to the Opposition, but to the enemies of his own household.

The truth of the matter is that the country is getting a little bit tired of sensational legislation and violent language. Never much enamoured of the Newcastle programme, it will answer no more to the siren pipe of Limehouse, unless the Tories are so incredibly stupid as to give it the impression that nothing but the Lloyd-Georgian method can give it the gradual social amelioration it desires. Perhaps the events of last July have had something to do with this change of mood. A universal railway strike and the prospect of a war with Germany all in forty-eight hours were enough to damp the most ardent advocates of an exciting life. They were two sensational extras not provided by the management, and they have rather glutted the public appetite. Underneath this uneasiness lies that old inveterate distrust of Liberal foreign policy which only Palmerston could quell, and that at the price of quarrelling with his Chancellor of the Exchequer once a week. In this matter neither the official Liberal nor Unionist Press really represents the public mind, which has no confidence in Sir Edward Grey or in "Mansion House" methods. The nation has an instinctive feeling that a policy which leads to proposals for a limitation of armaments between the two countries one year, and to the necessity for a strong "hands off" speech the next, is conceived in just that kind of spirit which gets you into war by mistake and then gets you beaten when you are in it. The Crimean War was due to the fact that the Czar could not believe that a Ministry which contained so many eminent pacifists could really mean business—nor is Liberalism a synonym for effective military preparation. Similarly, while the country has no particular complaint to make of the manner in which the Ministry has

handled Labor troubles, it feels that to a large extent the Radicals have been laying spirits which they themselves have raised.

By the time the Insurance Bill was through both Houses, this "tired feeling" and this lack of confidence was beginning to become predominant in the national mind. The air was full of portents which might have been read with profit by Ministers of rash and reckless dispositions. The west and the eastern counties were inclined to regard the prospect of Home Rule with a sullen, if not very explicit disapproval. South Somerset had come and gone. Hatfield and Oldham brought small comfort to Ministerialists. Quondam Liberal votes were being parcelled out between Toryism and Labor. There was no enthusiasm for Disestablishment, and Disendowment is loathed far beyond the confines of the orthodox Conservative ranks. The position in Ulster was ominous. Still the movement of the political waters, though apparent to any keen observer, was not yet very marked. The tide had turned, but it had not yet begun to flow with any force. A prudent leader would have kept very quiet and hoped that things would smooth themselves out before the introduction of the Home Rule Bill.

Not so Mr. Lloyd George; he chose this very moment to go down to Bath to deliver a speech so insane in the circumstances of the hour that after a month has elapsed no two people are agreed as to the real reasons for making it, or as to the ultimate effects it is likely to produce. Some critics have attributed this resounding indiscretion purely to overstrain; others have seen in it a deliberate attempt to foil Mr. Redmond at the cost of wrecking the Government before Home Rule could be passed: the most cynical see in it nothing but an attempt to supersede Mr. Asquith in the Premiership. No

doubt overwork and annoyance at his tactical defeat and electoral failure over the Insurance Bill may have been a contributory cause to the Chancellor's strange performance. But in the main the writer believes, to pay Mr. Lloyd George a compliment, that there is something Napoleonic about his mentality—largely that something which brought the Emperor to St. Helena. Napoleon's mind became fixed in the mould of his earlier successes—he never realized that the conditions of Leipsic were not the conditions of Lodi. The Emperor also shared the fatalistic belief that if you gamble deep enough you are bound to win out. The Chancellor seems to imagine because he shifted the issues from Tariff Reform *versus* Free Trade over the Budget, and thus saved the waning fortunes of the Ministry, that he can repeat the trick an indefinite number of times. The history of the Insurance Bill has apparently taught him nothing; nor does he appear to realize that a party which has been in office for six years does not occupy the same relation to the country as a party which has only been in office three and a half. The Bath speech was the third attempt to shift the issues. And beyond that there was the gambler's fascination—when in doubt double your stake, when in difficulty treble your programme: if the electors thought the summer and autumn insufficient for the discussion of the Insurance Bill, give them three principal measures in a single session. If the country has nerves, frighten it out of its nervousness by homoeopathic doses of panic. No wonder a thin and dolorous wall of protest goes up from the moderate Liberal Press. And then remains the last card: Adult Suffrage; who knows but that policies and proceedings obnoxious to the existing electorate might not be welcomed by a vast and newly enfranchised horde grateful to the authors of their electoral

being. One has heard "of the last throw of a ruined gamester"; now one has seen it, and behind it lies the continual instinct to escape those unpopular causes which have sterilized Liberalism in the past.

But why Adult Women's Suffrage? Here, it must be confessed, one touches a factor which lends strength to the suggestion that the Chancellor is riding for a fall. The announcement that Lord Loreburn and Mr. Lewis Harcourt are to speak on the same platform with Lord Cromer and Mr. F. E. Smith at the Albert Hall, on February 28th, in the anti-suffrage interest, casts a lurid light on Cabinet unity. Does the Chancellor of the Exchequer really imagine that a Cabinet can hold together or hold office when they are uniting with opponents to denounce each other's policy on an issue which will in all human probability be a living one at the next general election? The whole proceeding has a touch of Gilbert and Sullivan opera about it. Yet here to ride for a fall is to get one. The Insurance Bill will need years of custom and drastic amendment to make it even mildly popular; to face an election at a period when the contributions have been paid, and in thousands of cases the qualifying period has not been finished, and in consequence no benefits have been received, is to court overwhelming disaster. There is, of course, no pretence, even on the Liberal side, that any of these measures except Home Rule has received the popular assent. That is, however, nothing surprising, since Liberalism has long given up the pretence that it rules by popular mandate, and is perfectly content to govern by group deals and Cabinet autocracy. One is, however, the less concerned by this fact, because there is only a very faint possibility that Ministers will survive long enough to carry any of next session's measures into law—and

before they can return to the charge the Constitution will have been re-enacted. *The Government have not two years to live.* The Lords' power of delay covers that period for measures passed next session. Nor at the present rate of rake's progress have Ministers the slightest chance of returning to office.

Fortunately, it is not for opponents to explain this final *gaffe* over Female Suffrage; the fact is good enough for Unionists. It possesses, however, the touch of personal interest. The Chancellor is, in his curious way, a real Democrat and a violent Jingo. Many of us expect to see him passing his old age in the secure fold of Toryism. But he is at the present moment playing a losing game with a lack of self-control which is curious in such a thoroughgoing sportsman. A touch of the *folie des grandeurs* is, as has been suggested, the only reasonable explanation. If the Chancellor was at his best in good times, Mr. Churchill has shown a far greater aptitude in dealing with a falling market. Indeed, if Mr. Lloyd George is not careful, the leadership of the Liberal Opposition, with the reversion of the future Premiership, may yet fall to his principal rival. The safe man who upheld Liberal credit by reorganizing the Navy may triumph over the genius who was damned for a decade for driving his party on the rocks. Nor need there be any doubt that the Unionist party will, if public opinion becomes uncontrollable, as it is likely to do, take the necessary measure to force an appeal to the country before they allow the unity of the United Kingdom to be shattered and civil war raised in Ireland, or an ancient Church ruined and spoliated, against the wishes of the people. So much for the contributions made by events and Ministers to the prospects of a Tory return to office.

But the very prospect of such a return entails on that Opposition the duty

of taking serious stock of its position and its prospects. It has the asset of the flowing tide, if it makes no crass blunder of policy sufficient to stem a movement which is just now "too full for sound or foam." It has the asset of a leader in whom it believes. One ill-bred speech by a peer and a few serious newspaper comments have dwelt on the fact that Mr. Law is not a member of the landed aristocracy. The criticism seems rather puerile when one remembers that Peel, who stood for the manufacturing classes precisely as Mr. Law does, and Disraeli, who certainly did not belong to "the gentlemen of England," controlled the Tory party in the Commons for more than half of the nineteenth century. These anxious souls must console themselves with the reflection that the phenomenon in the Commons is not without precedent. And, after all, Lord Lansdowne is still leader in the Lords, and the most prominent figures behind him, Lord Curzon, Lord Selborne, and Lord Willoughby de Broke, are not without their influence in the counsels of the party. A far more astonishing fact is that out of the quartette who must inevitably control for some years the destinies of the party of the Commons, three are the chosen representatives of the great industrial centres. Unionism has not to find seats for its leaders in Carnarvon, or Fife, or Dundee. If Mr. Law stands for Glasgow, Mr. Austen Chamberlain is the Midlands and Birmingham, as Mr. F. E. Smith is the incarnation of the Liverpool Tory-Democracy; while Mr. Walter Long keeps the banner of "the country party" flying. If the torch has passed from Hatfield, that is Hatfield's own fault, as an "Old Tory" pointed out recently in a terribly just letter to *The Times*. If Lord Hugh Cecil, and, to a lesser degree, Lord Robert Cecil, are to-day rather out of the running, it is certainly not the fault of their party or of their brilliant



abilities. It is due to the fact that, apart from their views on the Church or on defence (compulsory service?), they are the rankest of mid-Victorian Whigs, and would have voted in four divisions out of five for Lord Palmerston and against Mr. Disraeli. Toryism can hardly give office or precedence to men, however gifted, who are opposed to its fundamental principles. Personal questions have, however, now ceased to be matters of primary importance. The writer ventured to point out two months ago that everything depended on the harmonious co-operation of the four most prominent members of the Front Bench. That co-operation has been achieved, and the new leader can depend, not merely on the loyal support, but on the active sympathy and agreement of his principal colleagues. There remains the question of policy. That problem requires far more attention than it has yet received from an Opposition until recently without hope of office; it also requires far more space than the limits of the present article will allow. It must be sufficient to indicate in the briefest possible manner the salient facts in the electoral position. In order to attain office it is necessary to obtain a majority in the House of Commons. In order to obtain that majority the Unionist party has to win at least seventy seats. No vast number of successes can be added to their laurels in the country districts; though a considerable triumph might readily be effected in the limited area of Scotland. It follows that the great bulk of Unionist wins must be obtained in the industrial centres. How is the turnover to be effected? If the tide is setting unquestionably against the Government, is it necessarily setting in towards the Unionist lines, or may it not be drawn over towards the Socialist camp? Anyone who studies the figures of the Oldham election must feel

the greatest doubt as to whether the collapse of Liberalism may not profit Labor as much as Toryism if that danger is not faced in time. A great deal depends, in form no doubt, on the attitude of the Labor party, official and unofficial, towards his Majesty's Ministers. If both a Liberal and Labor candidate are put up, as has been the recent tendency, the party might, no doubt, obtain a large number of three-cornered contests and victories. But such triumphs would be utterly void of permanence or moral authority if they did not represent in voting force a real movement of the workers in favor of a scheme of Tariff and Social Reform based on Tory principles. If, on the other hand, Labor and Liberalism are terrified into each other's arms, as they well may be at the last moment and in the impending shadow of dissolution, all these potential victories will be snatched from us if our moral position with the workers is not strong enough to enable us to brand the joint candidates with the whole infamy and unpopularity of Ministers. In a word, neither the Church nor the Union, nor Tariff Reform will in the long run be assured if Toryism does not succeed in saving the revolting masses from the arms of Labor. Office might be missed in default, and if got could yet not be retained.

This was the meaning of Mr. Bonar Law's warning at Leeds that Unionism could not afford to depend on a purely negative reaction against the Government. His pronouncement has been seized upon and rammed home by Mr. F. E. Smith in a remarkably forceful and brilliant article in *T. P. O'Connor's Magazine* of last month. "It is none the less urgent," he writes, "that Oppositions should form their ideas and formulate the proposals which spring from them, if they are not going to be left bankrupt of alternative policies based on their own inherent principles,

when the day of reckoning comes for Ministers. . . . A constructive and alternative social programme is therefore essential to the Unionist party."

These weighty warnings from leaders should be pondered by the rank and file for two reasons—the temptation to forget the danger, and to misunderstand the temper of the people.

At every great meeting to-day the popular demand is for a free display of slashing invective directed against the Chancellor and the Government. "Deliver up unto us Barabbas—to lynch," more or less represents the attitude of the electorate. To such a stimulating appeal the candidate or member responds readily. If he does not the chairman remarks, as one was reported in the Press to have done at an important meeting the other day, "that they could have stood something hotter." When he has finished his speech he will discover that beyond a few words perhaps about Tariff Reform, he has not given his audience a hint of the outlines of Unionist policy or the principles of Unionist politics.

Now this sort of thing is all very well with those classes and in those localities whose condemnation of the Government is summed up in the aspiration "anything for a quiet life." For the temper of the industrial districts at the present moment it will not do at all—and it is in the industrial districts that the vast bulk of the seats have got to be won. The aspiration there, as present and continued Labor trouble proves, is not for a quiet life but for a better one. The revulsion from Lloyd-Georgism is no reaction to a static

The Fortnightly Review.

Conservatism: it is a feeling of Israelites against a would-be Moses who has mismanaged the commissariat and the expedition in search of the promised land. To people left in this frame of mind in a desert of Liberal creating, the mirage oasis of Socialism must prove singularly attractive. For the last ten years employment has been more or less chronically bad. The working classes are, at least, 5 per cent. worse off to-day than they were in 1900; wages are practically static and prices continue to rise. Yet these classes have been taught by the experience of sixty or seventy years to regard a continual improvement in their scale of living as an immutable law of nature. The demand is for more regular work and for better wages. If Unionism shows no sign of cleaving a road out of the waste, or of caring to think out a solution of the problem, the tide will flow in the direction of a revolutionary Socialism; there will be no Union, no Church, no Tariff, but a political welter and a bitter civic conflict. The tide will be there, but we shall have missed it. "What is really required," to quote Mr. Smith once more, "is to draw off those waters of national turbulence and energy and to turn them into channels where they will fructify the inheritance of the nation." In a word, we want a real, solid, and unsensational social policy, not the highly-colored gimcrack variety favored by Ministers who must now face, and this time finally, the writing on the wall, the first eleven letters of which are *Dissolution*.

Curio.

## FEMININE VERSUS FEMINIST.

It is going to be a fighting of Anti-Suffrage versus Suffrage. year, this 1912. And one of the biggest fights ahead of us is this Amid all the buckling on of armor for the fray which is now going

on, it is well to remind ourselves sometimes what the fight is really about, what is actually involved in this battle of the vote, what is the vital principle at stake. So many side issues have been raised in this protracted campaign, we are by now in danger of losing sight of the main reason why Feminine again opposes Feminist on this particular battlefield.

I do not think any one will deny that the profoundly antagonistic aims cherished in the two opposed camps are these: the desire to cultivate and preserve woman's independent identity and personality on the part of the Anti, *versus* the desire to extinguish and subjugate the same by merging it in the man's on the part of the Suffragist. The Anti, or Feminine forces, are working to preserve to women a line of their own, the Suffragist or Feminist to reduce women to a surrender of it by forcing them to adopt that of the man. The Anti's purpose to keep the balance even in human affairs by cultivating in the two halves of the human race all that makes the sexes complementary to each other, the Suffragists to send the scales down all on one side, and that the man's, by urging women to aim at the same tasks and qualities as men. It is not a very proud position for women. But we have grown used to hearing Suffragists proclaim that to prove herself able to do a man's work and to possess a man's qualities is the highest ambition a woman can set before herself. The Feminists have so accustomed us to hear that nothing can cover a woman with glory like the winning of permission to do what a man does, that we are no longer shocked at what is humiliating in this attitude.

But the indignity of this position is not what really matters. The serious thing, of course, is the abdication of woman's own kingdom that is its inevitable consequence. Examine what

ever suffragist writing or speaking you will, turn it this way, turn it that, it all comes back to this: execration of the world-old idea of woman's sphere. The very words call forth shrieks of contempt from a Suffragist. Infinite harm has already been done by this cheap contempt for what must yet persist and endure when the fashion that makes it smart to deride it will have gone the way of fashions. But just as the sex can be degraded for a time by passing fashions in dress, as it has been by certain recent ones which have coincided with the fashionableness of suffragism in the fashionable classes, so it can be by these fashions of phrase that have temporarily lowered the ideals of the sex to a standard from which it is going to be hard and uphill work to raise them again.

The result of living her life as it has hitherto been lived by woman is that women are the superiors of men in the possession of certain qualities and aptitudes. The infinite diversity, manual and mental, of her housekeeping task, has developed in woman valuable characteristics and capacities which the more one-sided tasks assigned to man are apt to blunt. Suffragists proclaim women's possession of this superiority, and . . . proclaim their desire to abolish it by abolishing the conditions that produced it. They would impose on women those very same masculine tasks which have produced inferiority in men! And this they do in the name of promoting the good of the sex, of the race, in the name of progress!

Anti-Suffragists believe in progress, in the Increasing Purpose. They believe that under all the scum and froth that floats on the surface of life, the flow is steady and deep, to greater, to higher things than we have ever yet reached. The danger just now is lest the real be despised for a sham, lest the scum and froth which have lately been rising so rank and strong, obscure for

our days the abiding thing, the living stream that is quietly flowing over the bed-rock, out of sight.

With the catchiness of common music-hall refrains, jingling Suffragist sentences have for the moment caught the popular ear, and assail us wherever we go. For this year, for the next, they are in possession, and then . . . ? But a day of them is too long for those who deeply care for women's welfare. We cannot afford to wait till they have brought upon themselves their own extinction, either, for the Suffragists show how well they know what will be their fate if there is delay, and the issue is to be forced at once before time can do its work. The Antis are challenged to show that it is not the catchy common music-hall refrains that must endure, but the ancient rhythm of life that beats in the old folk-songs, in those time-worn beliefs now held only fit for cheap jest and jeer.

The best gold has its alloy. Our age of real advance has yet one side to it which is acknowledged to be sinister and threatening, and to which the most spirited resistance must be opposed if we are to escape being overwhelmed by what is mechanical and meretricious in our art and in our life. With all that is, literally and metaphorically, machine-made, vulgar, coarse of fibre, in this century, the Suffragist ideal has shown itself identified. For much it has been directly responsible. It was a Suffragist woman, a Labor League president, who on January 26, 1900, complained that "the wife and mother are degraded to the washer of pots and pans, serving husbands, fathers and sons." It is the Suffragists whose ideal is the kitchenless house fed from a mechanical institutional centre. The main proportion of Suffragist writing and speaking is on this pots and pans pattern, simply a denunciation of house-

keeping as degrading. It is the Suffragists who teach women to revolt against that daily task of tending child and house whose neglect has produced the dire results we now so ruefully contemplate in the nation's lowered physique. It is the Suffragist theory that the woman's sphere in life should be the same as the man's that has condemned her to share with him what is so hideous a misfit in the miscalled education of our industrial classes, whose girls are all taught as if destined for literary rather than manual occupations, as if the National funds were collected to compel the training of a surplus of cheap short-hand typists for the office, and to compel a lack of expert housewives in the home. It is the Suffragists who are destroying the wholesome personal element in female life, by their doctrine of degradation in the washing of pots and pans for husband, father and son, while they demand the vote, and opportunity to serve the State, the husbands, fathers, and sons of other people, with what? What service? An abstract service of legislation and administration, they reply: in fact all that barren "social service" which can be performed without the sweating of the brow, theolling of a finger! Is it not clear how this hideous feminism is sapping our vitality as a nation? Is it too much to say that it is at the root of half the unhealth and disease of which to-day's unrest is symptomatic?

What is the great cause of the decline of the artistic sense in these later times? Is it not the vulgarizing fear of manual labor as menial, contemptible? What is it that gives the distinction, spirit, life, value to earlier work? This same manual labor whereby the impress of a human mind is seen in the work of the human hand. Why is the peasant interior a poem, the villa stamped with the — $\frac{1}{4}$ d. stamp, so soulless and drab? And yet

any one who has examined Suffragist writings knows that they are mainly an idolization of the institutional, the machine-made, a crusade to reduce all life to the characterless, inartistic, turned out by the dozen result that distinguishes the shop-bought from the home-made interior. We get what we pay for in life, pretty generally. The difference between a room whose furnishing is paid for in the coin of personality, of owner's effort, and the room without breeding, the room paid for only in the baser coin paid over the counter, is patent to all. The inferiority of the latter is one that Suffragists will end in imprinting on every department of life by their contempt for pots and pans, their crushing out in women of the native instinct for what is vital, essential, in act and fact and thing.

There are many wealthy women who have espoused Suffragism, and who, to promote it, do daily a very dangerous thing in preaching to working women that housework is degrading. And dangerous as is that direct denunciation of housework universal among Suffragists, of which the Woman's Labor League president's pots and pans speech is typical, there is another way of inculcating contempt for it, which is even more dangerous because more insidious and less direct. An example of the insidious way in which the mischief is spread is shown in a letter to the *Times* of December 21 last, advocating the suffrage for women. It was written by a lady from the standpoint of the leisured and cultured classes, as she expressly said. "We more fortunate women," she wrote, plead for the franchise, not for our own sake, but for the sake of the working women (whose "round of toll" she stigmatized as "drudgery"), because "it shall bring them at once something at least of the respect and consideration which form the basis upon which we more fortunate women build our lives,"

and, further, remove from them something at least of a supposed inferiority not only to the males of their own class, postulated for the working women by the writer as the result of their houseworking life, but also to "the more fortunate women" who, in contradistinction to the working women, were described by her as "enjoying the respect and confidence of the men of their world, of whom they feel themselves the equal mates."

Thus are the women of the working class being taught that they forfeit the "respect and consideration" of equals and superiors because they do the housework this writer calls "drudgery." These words allow no other interpretation, since it is not wage-work that can create in the working woman an inferiority to her wage-earning mate, and it is not votelessness that causes her lack of the "respect and consideration" which her "more fortunate" sister even now on her own showing enjoys, though voteless. She is simply deprived of these, and unable to be the equal mate of the men of her world, as wealthier women are of theirs, because she does the housework and they do not!

Is not this mischievous preaching, as well as the pathetic fallacy run mad? Any one who really and intimately knows working women, from inside, not from outside, stands aghast at this doctrine that they fail to enjoy in their own circle the respect and consideration "the more fortunate women" enjoy in theirs. (They deserve to receive it too from their "more fortunate" sisters, not this wounding contempt.) While as to equal mates, there are two sides to that question. In the home that the working man provides her with, the rule of the working woman is little short of autocratic. The harder she works to keep it clean and well tended, the more consideration she enjoys, not only in that



house, but among her neighbors. Yet the more weak-minded of even a sturdy class have begun to be influenced by this assiduous preaching against housework as derogatory, to shun the performance of what they have been so pertinaciously taught degrades them in the general esteem. Words cannot convey a sense of the harm that is being done by this industrious Suffragist preaching of snobbishness. Naturally it is felt no women would ever endure the degradation incurred in tending a household, if only they had the money and means to get some one else to undertake on their behalf what forfeits for a woman all respect and consideration, what prevents her from being the equal of her mate.

It is one of the paradoxes of the period, that now when Labor with a capital L is becoming a respected power in the State, labor with a small one should so have forfeited the respect formerly given to "honest labor," when "to learn and labor truly" was taught as a duty by the Catechism, and was the passport to that esteem which the Suffragists are so largely responsible for destroying.

Who can count the harm this shallow feminism has done in warping the grain of the national character, in sterilizing all the honest impulses and beliefs that make of a woman's life such a beautiful work of art, not this dull machine-made thing the vulgarizing fear of pots and pans is going to make it for those mothers of the race who have been contaminated by it, those mothers who will bequeath this paralyzing snobbishness to the generations to come?

If the moral effect of Suffragism has been so evil, there is also a more material aspect in which it has been equally disastrous. If Suffragism has done this for women's ideals of home-life, what has it done for the wage of the women whom circumstances force

out into the world into a money-making career? What has it done for that of the men whose work women have been urged to forsake their own in order to share? What has the popular Suffragist clamor for the admission of women to all the professions, their constant preaching that all women should do work of the sort that gives economic independence (i.e. any work but the housekeeping work so despised of Suffragists) on the one hand, their continual urging of every girl to do something, to take up some sort of *outside* work, not to be content with the home-life Suffragists hold up as so "narrowing," on the other hand? The answer is the same, whether pay has been lowered through their competition to what is accepted by the upper class girls who say complacently: "Of course I couldn't have managed on it if the dad had not been a brick and doubled my allowance, but then he knew I was getting tired of being at home and wanted a change" . . . or whether the "pin-money clerk" is blamed for the lowering of wage that cheap female labor has been responsible for in the clerical market: "Lowered our wage at the same time it has diminished the measure of comfort and service even our former wage would have bought," is the bitter reply. Bitter as it is, its bitter is sweet compared to the bitterness of a woman who has to work for a livelihood, who has not the means to live without a worker's wage to live upon, and who sees the job she would prize as dearly as her life (it would mean life to her), go to the better fed, better housed, sleeker, more prosperous sister who takes for lightly prized pocket-money the wage that would have meant a living to the woman who had to go without one, and who ends . . . where? . . .

We use the word educated in a curiously restricted sense. We say that a person who is trained to fill a clerical

cal, a literary, or a professional post, is educated, and speak as if training for any other calling were not education. It is an absurdly one-sided and erroneous definition, but since convention has established this meaning for the word, it has for convenience to be so accepted. It occurs in this sense in a matter-of-fact statement of women's position in the labor market supplied on December 6 last at a Colonial Intelligence League meeting, where Suffragism was not in question at all, but simply practical methods for assisting the emigration of women. Incidentally, it furnished the most dispassionate, businesslike summing up of what Suffragism as a business proposition means for women, that could well be imagined. What is a commonplace of modern conditions was recorded as a basis for consideration in making plans for providing assistance. The meeting was reminded that the woman wanted in the Colonies is not the educated but the domestic type: that "unfortunately the surplus of women in the old country was not of the domestic but of the educated type," which shows, of course, what is the type of woman wanted here too, of what type there is a shortage, as well as of what type there is a surplus.

The question then that lies before us now is: Are we going to perpetuate,  
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to accentuate, to her own great misery, the production of the unwanted type of woman, to drive women into further competition with men, and still further away from the domestic type, as the result in forcing them to participate (against their own will even) in yet another masculine profession, the profession of politics, just that politicians may benefit by their votes?—or are we now going to call a halt?

Are we going to fight for getting the women that are wanted in the old country, or (saddest of all sad words to apply to a woman), the women that are superfluous? Which way do we believe the path of true progress lies for the race (to take the most unselfish point of view)—for the sex (to take the most selfish)? Which is it to be? The Suffragist banner with all its device in favor of the unwanted woman, or the Anti-Suffragist with its aspiration to make women wanted once more, educated in the highest sense of the word, thoroughly equipped for the profession that is theirs by ancient prescriptive right; in the fullest, deepest, widest sense of the words, domestic, housekeeping women?

Feminine or Feminist? Anti or Suffragist, which is it to be?

*The Author of "An English-Woman's Home."*

## THE LANTERN BEARERS.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK, AUTHOR OF "THE SEVERINS," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXV.

The door opened, and Helga stood there inquiringly; but when she saw Clive she half shut it, afraid to go, afraid to stay. He went forward quickly, and drew her into the room. Before he spoke he kissed her; and she sighed in his arms, and said, "Oh, Clive—Clive!"

But the fear of discovery soon woke in her.

"We might be seen," she whispered. "I must go—no—I must clear this table, and you should be in the drawing-room. Some one might come in."

Clive looked round the room, and saw a comfortable sofa pushed back against a window. He led Helga to it and sat down there.

"Take off that horrid cap," he said.  
"It hides your hair——"

Helga's hands went up to the strings of the cap, and then, without untying them, went down again.

"You might be Petruchio!" she said.

"Take it off," Clive said again. "I hate it."

And Helga, like Katherine, took off the cap at her husband's bidding, and turned very red as she did so.

"I must go," she murmured.

"Not till I have talked to you."

"It is so difficult."

"It is not going to be difficult after to-night. My father must be told of our marriage."

"That is impossible—because of my father," said Helga.

"I am going to make our marriage public," said Clive. "I always told you I should when I thought it necessary."

"Why is it more necessary now than it was six months ago?"

"Why are you here? When did you come? Why did you and Marcella both hide it from me?"

"I came in January," said Helga.

"It was a wrong thing to do—you must have known that I should object."

"You have no jurisdiction—I always told you——"

"And I always told you not to talk nonsense," interrupted Clive, his voice and manner taking from the roughness of his words; "we are man and wife."

Helga looked at him with gloomy incredulity. The sorrows and privations, the squalid little daily miseries of the last five months, passed with the swiftness of a biograph through her mind, farce and tragedy following on each other's heels, as they do in life.

"You are a king in Babylon," she said. "I——"

She lifted the cap she had taken off,

put it on her head again, and tied the strings under her chin. Then she got up.

"The day I went to Mrs. Stair we had not a shilling in the house," she said; "my father was ill, my mother and I were starving. I have been able to give them what I earned, and I have been fed."

"Helga!" cried Clive; and he got up too, and stood beside her.

"It is true," she went on, "it is still true. Next week they will sell everything that is left of the furniture, except what they want for one room, and they will take those to some mean street. My father is still weak and ill; my mother goes out by the day and cooks; she is in this house to-night; she cooked the dinner you have eaten."

"Is Mrs. Byrne in this house?" said Clive, with surprise. "I will see her at once."

"She would refuse to see you, and for the world I would not let her know."

"There is no help for it, Helga. She will have to know, and your father too. Every word you have said makes me more determined. Never again shall you go your own way in this matter. I blame you. I ought to have known—I could have sent you money."

"You could have sent, but we could not have taken Mr. Ashley's money—and in secret. Consider, Clive!"

Clive walked restlessly away from Helga, and then back again close to her.

"I shall tell my father to-night," he said.

"I ask you not to," said she.

At that moment, as they faced each other, more like antagonists than lovers, the door opened and Marcella Stair came just inside the room. She did not say a word or stay a moment, but retreated quickly, as a lady does when she stumbles by accident on

some Jack and Jill whose amours she would rather not recognize or witness.

"To-night!" said Clive. "This kind of thing can't go on. It is insufferable. To-night I shall speak to my father, and to-morrow you will come with me."

Helga did not speak. Against Clive in his present mood she felt as helpless as a feather in the wind. She did not even venture to remind him that they were only half married while they were only civilly married. He looked more than half inclined to pick her up, there and then, and carry her off under his arm.

When Clive went into the drawing-room music was going on. Violet and Lillian were singing a duet. The others listened till it ended, and then began to talk to each other with an air of relief, as if, after all, talk was more entertaining than to listen to music. Marcella managed by her manner of ignoring Clive to express her full measure of her disapproval. But Conrad came up to him, and directly the music stopped, suggested that they should walk together in the garden. They went out there, by way of the veranda, where Clive and Helga had once sat by moonlight.

"Have a cigar," said Conrad, offering Clive his own case; "you look as if something had happened."

Clive took a cigar and lighted it.

"You have seen her," said Conrad.

"Yes," said Clive.

"I must see her too. How can I manage it?"

"It isn't easy—here."

"She must not remain here—as a servant. It is hair-raising."

"That's all right," said Clive; "she is coming away to-morrow with me."

"With you?"

"Yes," said Clive, puffing clouds of smoke from his cigar.

"But how is that possible, since your families——"

"I can't tell you what line our families will take."

"The young lady will never consent."

"The young lady will come," said Clive.

Conrad looked both solemn and unhappy.

"I wish you had not confided in me," he said; "when all is said and done we are rivals, and her parents are my good friends."

"What then?" asked Clive.

"I might think it my duty to inform her father."

"Some one must," observed Clive.

"Before, when I proposed and she refused me, I kept silence."

"I know. It was very decent of you."

"But now you say that to-morrow she will go away with you."

"I hope so."

"It would be an elopement!"

"Something of that kind."

"I cannot approve of it. I like things done in order."

"The great thing is to get her away," said Clive.

"When and where, then, will you marry the young lady?"

"When and where she pleases," said Clive, and sat down on a garden seat to finish his cigar.

Conrad thought he showed a coolness that must arise from want of feeling, and he was going to say so when some of the others came across the lawn towards them. Soon after this they all returned to the house. During the rest of the evening Marcella treated Clive as if she considered him outside the pale. Helga he did not see again. He was glad when his mother got up to go, and ended an evening that had become strained and painful. He had made up his mind that he would speak to his father to-night; but when they got home Mrs. Ashley and Violet seemed disinclined for bed. They came into the library

and sat down there and began to talk. This was not what Clive desired. He wished to be alone with his father when he broke his news to him. He sat silent and thoughtful while the two ladies discussed the little events of the evening.

"I don't like Marcella Stair," said Violet, suddenly.

"That is new," said Mrs. Ashley. "I used to think you did."

Violet reflected before she spoke again. It was true that formerly she had hoped Marcella would marry Clive, and that her mother had never liked the idea, and that her father had approved of it. The project had never been openly discussed, but amongst members of a small intimate family much is understood that never passes the lips.

"I'm older and wiser than I was," said Violet.

"You're nicer," said her mother; "that's Jack's doing."

"I've noticed it myself," said Clive.

"I was always nice really," said Violet. "I have a bit of Mother in me though she won't admit it."

"What are you children talking about?" asked Mr. Ashley.

"About Marcella," said Violet. "She's as hard as nails. I heard her when she didn't know I was near, speaking to that girl who waited on us, the one with blue eyes and a pretty manner—she is a lady, you know; any one can see it, and Mrs. Stair told me so."

"What was Marcella saying to her?" asked Clive.

"I didn't hear very clearly. They were in the dining-room, and I had gone into the hall for my music—something the poor thing had done was disgraceful; but Marcella is like that, and Lillian says she has a down on that girl. Why don't you have her here, mother, when I'm gone—to do your flowers and write your notes; she

is sweet, and you'll want some one instead of me."

"The girl certainly had a charming way with her," said Mrs. Ashley.

"I noticed her myself," said Mr. Ashley. "She would certainly be more in her place in your drawing-room than in Mrs. Stair's pantry. A refined-looking, beautiful young woman; this modern craze for allowing ladies to do any kind of work is most ill-judged, in my opinion."

"What are ladies to do if they happen to be starving?" said Clive grimly.

"What is her name?" asked Mrs. Ashley.

"I didn't make it out," said Violet, "Burr or Burt, something like that."

"It is Byrne," said Clive, "Helga Byrne—at least, it was."

"You don't mean——" began his mother.

"Yes, I do," said Clive.

"How do you know?" asked Mr. Ashley, looking at his son. "You have only just come back from France."

"I met Helga Byrne a year ago at Mrs. Warwick's. I told you so, father, on New Year's Day, when that little German came and said he wanted to marry her."

"I remember now," said Mr. Ashley.

"But why is she acting as parlor-maid to the Stairs?" asked Mrs. Ashley. "She is probably well educated."

"They were starving," said Clive.

"Her father was out of work, and ill, she didn't know what to do. I think she made a mistake, but I am not going to judge her; she seems to have seized at the first chance that offered—in despair, and as I've never been near that——"

He knew that his father's attention was roused, and he decided that the moment had come for him to speak. His mother and sister were still there, but they would have to hear what he had to say before long, and the im-



pression made on them by Helga helped him.

"When did Miss Byrne tell you her troubles?" asked Mr. Ashley.

"To-night, after dinner," said Clive.

"That was why you remained behind?"

"Yes."

"I don't understand why she was starving, if Conrad Hille wanted to marry her," said Violet. "Did she refuse him?"

"Yes," said Clive.

His mother saw that he spoke shortly, because he was deeply moved—because he had something to say for which it was difficult to find words. His manner was quiet, as usual, and he stared into the fire as he answered his father and sister; but now he turned his head a little and looked straight at her. And she understood.

"My dear, dear boy," she said, and touched his arm.

"I think we will not ask Miss Byrne to arrange flowers in your drawing-room," said Mr. Ashley, watching them.

"Miss Byrne is my wife," said Clive. "I married her before I went to France."

At first the news was received by his family in dead silence, with disapproval, almost without belief or understanding. Then Violet spoke.

"If she is your wife, why was she starving?" she said.

"I didn't know," cried Clive. "I knew they were poor, but I had no idea of the depths. You see, I had never been in the house. I was not even able to write there; even now she has not consented to our marriage being made known."

"Because of the row, you mean—that was why it had to be secret. But the row can't go on now, can it. Dad?"

"Clive is his own master," said Mr. Ashley, bitterly. "He has chosen to

act without consulting me. As he has made his bed so he must lie on it."

"I see that," said Clive.

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Ashley to her husband.

"He has made common cause with my enemy," said Mr. Ashley; "he can shift for himself. He is no son of mine."

"That's melodrama, Dad," said Violet, with great determination. "You know you want Clive badly in business."

"I wanted my son, not Byrne's son-in-law."

"And five minutes ago you wanted Clive's wife in your drawing-room. Now you've got her there for life, and you're not satisfied."

"Violet!" said Mrs. Ashley, warningly; for she saw that her husband was violently angry and offended.

But Mr. Ashley did not seem to notice what Violet said. He began to speak at length, and with the fluency and violence a man of his kind finds necessary at a crisis. His son had deceived him and flouted him, he said. He should suffer for it. He should make his own way in the world. He could set up with Mr. Byrne and see how they got on together.

"Have you said all there is to say?" asked Violet when he paused for breath.

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Ashley, angrily.

"You won't have Clive in the business or give him any money because he married the girl he loved, and a very charming girl too. That's what it comes to——"

"You seem to forget that her father fought me like a wild beast, only last Christmas."

"When were you married, Clive?"

"The first week in December."

"You see, Dad—three weeks before the shindy."

"Violet!" said Mrs. Ashley, who

hated slang, and thought that her daughter's tone showed levity.

"A secret marriage is disgraceful—disgraceful," said Mr. Ashley.

"Ours was not," said Clive. "I refuse to admit that. We knew that our families would be against it, and we wished to consider them. Helga is devoted to her father and mother. I believe that even now she would give me up for them. But we—we loved each other, and so we went through this form at the registry office; we must be married again, of course, in church."

"On the same day as me," said Violet. "Next week."

"Violet!" shouted Mr. Ashley.

"Dad'll come round," said Violet.

"He won't," said Mr. Ashley, fiercely, "and if he did the other old fool—I mean the old fool who ran amok—what do you expect, Clive, you know he's half crazy."

"With grief and privation," said Clive.

"All his own folly," said Mr. Ashley.

"To-morrow," said Clive, "I shall take Helga from that house. I won't leave her there another day. If you refuse to receive her—if the Byrnes refuse to receive me——"

"What will you do?" sneered Mr. Ashley. "You haven't a penny."

"He has Jack and me," said Violet.

"I can work," said Clive.

"I know you can," said Mr. Ashley, gloomily. "They say so in Manchester, they say so in Lyons. You're going to make a man of business, and I want one, the way mine goes on growing. I wish I knew what to do."

"I told you Dad would come round," said Violet to her brother, not in words, but by a slight movement of her left eyelid.

"Let us sleep on it," said Mrs. Ashley; and never since Clive could remember had his mother bid him a more affectionate good night.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Clive was twenty-four years old now, and all the years of his life counted for him with his father. Above all, the last one counted, nearly a year of steady, intelligent work that led his superiors to say he "framed well." Mr. Ashley knew what the phrase meant in the mouth of one man who used it.

"If I hold out, I lose Clive, if I give in, I keep him," he said to his wife, "and whatever I say or do he has married the girl and can't be unmarried. But I'm not going to say I like it."

"I am sure that we shall like Helga," said Mrs. Ashley, "and consider, John, how much worse it might have been. Think of Tom Vancouver's runaway marriage to that horrible painted woman twice his age."

"A chorus girl! Well, Clive is too fastidious for that," said Clive's father. "All the same, I don't like it. He has deceived me, and the girl has deceived her parents. They ought to have come to us in a straightforward way and said what they wanted."

"They have been very wrong indeed. There is no doubt about that," said Mrs. Ashley. "But if they had behaved properly they would never have been married. They would have found Mr. Byrne's opposition insurmountable. They seem to have thought of that far more than of us."

"What does Byrne want to oppose them for, anyway?" asked Mr. Ashley, angrily. "If he is wronged, which I deny, this marriage sets his wrongs right. But he always was a fool."

Clive found that this was his father's genuine, unalterable opinion. Mr. Ashley's late partner had been a fool and a dreamer, and from the strictly business point of view had not been wronged.

"When I fired him, there wasn't a penny in *Æonion*, not a penny," he assured Clive. "If there is a million in

it now, I've earned it—I—by advertisements and organization, and the risk of capital. I don't deny that Byrne believed in it, and tried to set it going—the man has brains—but directly you get brains without sense you get what I call a fool. Byrne was meant for a pundit, not for a man of affairs. He'd have been all right drinking port in the Common Room, and talking about particles. What's to become of him, I want to know? We can't let him starve, and if I offered him work he'd probably fly at my throat again. Any one but me would have clapped him in prison."

When Mr. Ashley had comfortably finished his grumble and cleared the air, Clive made his proposal. Large new factories for the manufacture of Æonion were being set up thirty miles from London, and would want a business manager. Clive thought that instead of one manager there might be two, Mr. Byrne and himself. They would work there together while Mr. Ashley worked in the new London offices. If he wanted Clive there too, it would be easy for the young man to run up so many days a week.

"You and Mr. Byrne need never meet unless you choose," he said; "I can act as go-between."

Mr. Ashley said the idea was absurd. He was not going to trust any part of the valuable and enormous undertaking to a man who for ten years had been in a subordinate position. It was Clive's youth and inexperience that led him to hatch such a plan. Clive himself might work up to the post with the help of competent older men; but even Clive was not to touch Æonion yet. He was to keep in the export business for a year or two to come.

"Did you think Mr. Byrne incompetent when he was your partner?" asked Clive; and Mr. Ashley owned again that the man had brains, and at one time had energy, and that he knew

more about Æonion than he did himself.

"We'll see," he said in the end. "We can shove him in somewhere, perhaps, but not at the top, my boy, not yet at least. I want to see first how crazy he is. His wife was a sensible woman. If the girl takes after her—but this marriage don't sound like it—sounds more like him—Mrs. Byrne had grit."

"So has Helga," said Clive.

"I am coming with you to see her," said Mr. Ashley; "I have been thinking it over, and I see no reason why any one outside the two families should ever know of this preliminary marriage. We will announce an engagement, and the marriage will follow."

So the father and son walked over to Mrs. Stair's house together, and Miss Pratt opened the door to them. When Mr. Ashley asked for Miss Byrne she stared stupidly.

"Miss Stair is in," she said.

"I asked for Miss Byrne," said Mr. Ashley, in a tone that made beady-eyes sit up.

"She's in there," she said helplessly, and pointed to a door.

"Then we'll go in there," said Mr. Ashley, and went forward, followed by Clive.

They arrived, as they saw at once, at a painful moment. Helga was not alone. On either side of the fireplace, in easy chairs, sat the two ladies of the house. Mrs. Stair looked red and flurried. Marcella looked stony. Mrs. Byrne and Helga, in evident distress, were standing near the table, and near them were two little piles of money.

"That is yours, and that belongs to your daughter," Marcella said, as the two men halted a moment on the threshold. "Good morning."

Mrs. Byrne, without touching the money, moved slowly and sadly towards the door, looked up at the man just coming in, and recognized Mr.

Ashley. She stood still, and looked swiftly back at Helga in alarm.

"Mrs. Byrne," said Mr. Ashley, with some dignity and kindness, "it is many years since we met—"

"It is many years," she said, in a low voice, and did not take his proffered hand, but tried to pass him.

There was a moment's silence, embarrassing and uncertain. Then Marcella came forward, and as she did so she gathered up the money on the table.

"Good morning," she said to the two men. "Do come in—one moment."

She offered the money to Helga, and signed to her to go.

"I'll leave to take it," she said, haughtily; but Helga did not obey her. She did not seem to see her outstretched hand, or to understand clearly what was going on.

"What is it, Helga?" cried Clive. "What has happened?"

"We have come here to see Mrs. Byrne and her daughter," said Mr. Ashley, with authority. "We have something of importance to say to them."

"Indeed!" said Marcella, in high displeasure, and after a moment's angry hesitation she signed to her aunt, and swept the flurried woman with her from the room.

"M-ph!" said Mr. Ashley. "Fur been flying."

"What is it, Helga?" said Clive again; and Mrs. Byrne looked at him in astonishment. He had taken the girl's hand, and his voice was intimate and protective.

"They have sent me away in disgrace," said the girl, white with trouble and confusion. "They have said things to my mother—because I talked to you in the dining-room last night."

"Well, my dear, I wouldn't trouble about that," said Mr. Ashley. "They'll soon hear why you and Clive talked to each other in the dining-room."

Mrs. Byrne and Helga both looked at him in amazement.

"I cannot understand Helga," said Mrs. Byrne. "She denies nothing, and she admits nothing; and I hear her accused of light behavior. You must know, Mr. Ashley, that the one woman in the world your son should not speak to is Helga Byrne, and he holds her hand. Are they both out of their senses? Helga, come with me at once."

"How are we to tell your mother?" said Clive.

"It's no use beating about the bush," said Mr. Ashley. "You see, Mrs. Byrne, your daughter and my son have married each other—and if you'll make the best of it, we will."

"I can't believe it," said Mrs. Byrne. "Helga!"

"I didn't like it myself at first," said Mr. Ashley.

"Like it!" cried Mrs. Byrne. "It is impossible! My husband would never consent."

"He hasn't been asked any more than I have. I tell you they're married, Mrs. Byrne. I was as angry at first as ever your husband can be. I quite agree with you that they ought never to have spoken to each other. But there they are, and what can we do?"

"Helga!" said Mrs. Byrne again; and the girl ran to her mother's arms.

"You'll understand when you know him," she whispered.

"I shall never understand a clandestine marriage," said Mrs. Byrne, stiffly.

"There I'm with you," said Mr. Ashley. "They must both understand that we disapprove."

"We wanted a hidden joy, a hidden flame, like the Lantern Bearers," Helga said softly to her mother. "We meant no one ever to know."

"That was Helga's idea," said Clive, downrightly. "I wanted to make sure

of her, and I meant every one to know as soon as possible."

"And we are only half married," said Helga. "We have only gone through a civil marriage."

"I propose to announce their engagement and say nothing of their escapade," said Mr. Ashley.

"But I meant to carry off Helga now at once," said Clive, in dismay.

"That you will certainly not do," said Mrs. Byrne.

"But she is my wife. The law——"

"I care not for the law," said Mrs. Byrne. "Helga will come home with me now and tell her father what she has done."

"Then I will come too," said Clive.

But before they left the house they encountered Mrs. Stair and Marcella for a painful moment.

"You see my son naturally wanted to talk to Miss Byrne last night," said Mr. Ashley. "They are to be married shortly——"

"What?" said Mrs. Stair.

"If they are going to be married, I wonder Miss Byrne did not say so last night or this morning," said Marcella.

"Not at all—not at all," said Mr. Ashley. "She could not speak till my consent had been given. Clive only got that this morning."

"I consider that Miss Byrne has behaved deceitfully," said Marcella.

"In what way?" said Clive.

"I should certainly not have employed her as a parlormaid if I had known this would come of it," said Mrs. Stair.

"Your conscience may be clear," said Mr. Ashley. "Even if Helga had never been your parlormaid Clive would have married her."

"I am glad it is not my doing," said Mrs. Stair. "I should never have forgiven myself."

"I am very sorry that such a thing should have happened just before Violet's wedding, and I think that under

the circumstances Miss Byrne had better take my place as Violet's bridesmaid," said Marcella.

"Well, we can settle that later," said Mr. Ashley, and got away. He wanted Mrs. Byrne and Helga to go home with him to lunch and see Mrs. Ashley and Violet, but Mrs. Byrne refused. She could not rest, she said, until she had seen her husband and ascertained his views. So she went straight back to Surbiton with Clive and Helga, and arrived there in the early afternoon. As they entered the house they heard voices in the dining-room.

"Who can it be?" said Mrs. Byrne.

"It is Conrad's voice," said Helga; and when they went in Conrad sat there.

"So you have done your duty," said Clive.

"But this is not an elopement," cried Conrad.

"Not exactly," said Clive.

"You come here for Mr. Byrne's consent—for his blessing——"

Mr. Byrne looked at his wife, at Helga, at the young man who came with them and now stood before him hand in hand with his child.

"You are Clive Ashley?" he said.

"Why do you come into my house? Why do you stand there with Helga? You know that I can never consent to what you want. Where did you meet? How is it possible——"

"But, Francis," said Mrs. Byrne, in her slow, explanatory way, "the marriage has taken place—the civil marriage, that is—and what will Malchen say? She always maintains that we brought up Helga badly."

"Is this true, Helga? Have you married without telling us, without consulting us, and the son of the man——"

"It was my doing," broke in Clive. "I loved Helga the moment I saw her, and she loved me—and I left her no peace. If you will forgive us, Mr. Byrne, and forget——"



"What does your father say?" asked Mr. Byrne, harshly.

"He has seen Helga," said Clive.

"What can any of us say?" asked Mrs. Byrne. "They are married."

"When were you married?" asked Conrad.

"Last December," said Clive.

"But then, on New Year's Day, when I came to see you, and when I asked you, Helga, to marry me——"

"It was only a civil marriage, you know," said Helga. "We wanted to belong to each other, and we thought we never should; and so——"

She waited anxiously, and looked at her father, who did not speak.

"I am sorry it is not me," said Conrad. "But I am glad that Helga makes a good marriage."

"I am sorry it is not you," said Mr. Byrne; and then he looked at Clive, and at his wife and child. "Is it a good marriage?" he asked; and the faces of those he asked answered him.

The two young ones were radiantly happy, and some of their happiness was reflected in Mrs. Byrne's tranquil eyes.

"I believe it is a good marriage," she said to him.

THE END

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## THE BREAKDOWN OF TURKEY.

According to a shrewd Arab dictum, a nation in decay counts many persons of intellect but no man of character, and history bears out the saying. Political or ethnical decomposition is often accompanied by phosphorescence, which superficial onlookers may easily mistake for guiding lights. To the realm of Mehmed V. this remark is peculiarly applicable; in the Turkey of the twentieth century there is neither hero-worship nor hero; indeed, there never was much room for men of mark in the land of the Osmanli since its monarch became a despot and its Caliph a vice-god. In this respect the condition of things there has long exemplified the Turkish proverb, that "Two acrobats cannot dance on the same rope." For generations the scimitar of the Grand Turk swept horizontally a little above the heads of his subjects, ruthlessly lopping off those which towered above the dead level of the crowd, and the effect of this levelling process is painfully manifest to-day. Turkey possesses some men of parts, a few persons of considerable talents, one veteran statesman, and

several self-chosen candidates for fame; but there is no man of character there, no rough hever of a nation's destinies, no born leader of men.

It is hardly too much to say that the entire Turkish race is degenerating visibly; its life-sap is drying up. Mohammed II. and Solymán the Magnificent have no worthy descendants in the twentieth century. The main causes of this decay lie tolerably near the surface. Leaving on one side fatalism and the sluggishness it engenders, I would account for the enfeeblement of the race, which was once marvellously robust and healthy, by misgovernment and military service. Misrule unfitted them for the struggle for life by making them dependent on Christian labor for their livelihood, and on the State for their privileged condition, while military service decimated the people. The Turks, in their two-fold capacity as the conquering race and as Moslems, have looked upon the profession of arms as their own special vocation, and disqualified Christians from following it; and having lived by the sword, they are now perishing by

the sword. Within the memory of the present generation Turkey has always been at war. There has been no respite: now the struggle was with a foreign Power, now with a section of her own subjects.

But since the establishment of the new *régime* these conflicts have grown more numerous and more sanguinary. The blood tax paid by the nation has at last become tremendous. The soil of the Yemen, Albania, Syria, Tripoli, is sodden with Turkish gore. And to the Moloch of war the flower of the people is still being sacrificed mercilessly. Young men, hale and strong, and brimful of spirits and vigor, are taken from their fields and their hearths, and hurried off to the battlefield to be slain by bullets or carried away by fell disease. I lately visited villages in various parts of the Empire and found that the bulk of the people whom I met in the cornfields and meadows, in the huts and mosques, were mainly old men, and boys and girls with wrinkled or pinched faces, victims of hunger, cold, disease. Orphaned children ran wild without supervision. In the towns, too, where dangers beset them at every hand's turn, the little ones, bereft of their breadwinners, are left largely to their own devices. They receive no education, no guidance, no moral or material help. Many of them have to steal or beg or else starve, and some pass through all these phases to the grave.

For these evils the unique remedy is peace: peace abroad and order at home.

The peasants, who are the salt of the Turkish earth, are neglected, like the children. There is no one to direct them. They are steeped in ignorance. They take superstition, and even cruelty, for religion, and confound fanaticism with zeal. Moslems are forbidden by the Koran to kill, nay, even to strike, an unarmed Christian.

But at Adana they religiously slew thousands of Armenians, firmly believing that they were obeying the behests of Allah as well as the order of the Caliph. By nature the Turks are not fanatical. Ignorance and evil influences have made them so.

For these evils the remedy is education.

There is no industry in the Empire, and even agriculture, which is the staple occupation of the people, is at a low ebb. For lack of young men labor is dear and bad, and the methods of the husbandmen differ little from those which were in vogue in Noah's days. But at present they are positively baleful, as well as inadequate, because they exhaust the soil. When the crops are abundant, as they often are, the farmer cannot transport them to those markets in which they would fetch a good price, for lack of railways, carriage roads, and waterways; he must therefore sell his harvest for a song. In this way a blessing becomes a curse. During my recent sojourn in Turkey I was struck with the great fall in the price of cattle. Peasants were selling at nominal prices the beasts of burden without which they are almost helpless, for there are no agricultural banks to tide them over the crisis.

To these dark clouds there is no silver lining. No change for the better can be hoped for soon. Quiescence, the quiescence of the Mohammedan fatalist, paralyzes the arm of the middle-aged rustic; the young peasant is in the army or his grave, and the aged folks are too old to learn. Nothing is done, nothing is even attempted, by the Government, which lacks funds for agricultural experiments and wants all the money it can scrape together for its army and navy, its fortresses and its ships.

There is no education in the Empire. Young Turkey and its Secret Commit-

tee have turned a deaf ear to the clamor for schools. Foreign benefactors there are who, like the Americans and the French, maintain educational establishments in the towns, but these institutions are few, and not as good as they might be. In the rural districts there are no schools at all. The difficulties in the way of a network of educational institutions are formidable. The villages, many of which contain only fifteen or ten houses each, and could not pay for a staff of teachers, are often far apart. And the Government spending its money in preparations for war, cannot spare a piastre for education. But were it otherwise—were the funds available—the problem would not yet be solved; one would then have to find the men. The country is devoid of schoolmasters and of a sufficient number of individuals fitted to teach.

Now of all the races which acknowledge the Sultan's sway, the Turks are most in need of education. Chivalrous to a high degree, they are not lovers of justice. Superlatively generous, they are neither industrious nor thrifty. And the combination of these good and bad qualities bids fair to ruin them. Their lack of a sense of justice has embroiled them with all the nationalities in the realm, while their unbusiness-like ways have driven them to the clutches of foreign usurers. All trade and commerce in Constantinople, Smyrna, Trebizond, is carried on by Greeks, Armenians, Bulgars, Levantines, Europeans. In Pera one might search for a Turkish merchant at noon with a lamp and not find one. Under the Young Turks the outlook is just as hopeless as under the Old Turks.

How closely the Secret Committee and its nominees in the Government have followed in the footsteps of their Hanâdian predecessors, may be inferred from an example which is typi-

cal. An Ottoman acquaintance of mine received a concession from the Government to float a company which, had it been formed, would, it is confidently stated, have brought wealth to the nation, given lucrative employment to thousands of the Sultan's subjects, offered an advantageous investment to Turkish capitalists, and furnished the State with most welcome help in war time. A large part of the necessary capital was raised in Turkey; the remainder was promised in England, although it could just as well have been subscribed in Constantinople and Smyrna. Everything was satisfactorily settled, and the prospectus was about to be written when a hitch occurred. The Government wanted a fat bribe and told the promoter, so. My acquaintance, who is himself a politician, but an honest one, refused to be a party to the transaction. His bureaucratic friends tried to dissuade him from quixotism, and advised him to yield and "take it out" of the public. But he held firm. Thereupon the authorities put off the ratification of the statutes until the term had lapsed and then it cancelled the concession altogether.

When comparing the Young with the Old Turk one is tempted to characterize them in the words of their national saying: "Whether it is a black dog or a white dog, it is always a dog."

Turkey then is in a state of chaotic misery. Parallel with the disintegration of the Ottoman Empire runs the demoralization of its dominant race. Healthy striving is dead. The political principles which other communities deem fundamental and take for granted, find no recognition in the Sultan's dominions. Justice is not administered there; people hardly know what justice is. The judges are as much under the thumb of the Secret Committee as are the police, and the fountain-head of equity is poisoned.

All the innovations that the Revolution has hitherto imported into the realm of Mehmed V. are:—government by secret society, party success by means of standardized assassination, and the three-legged gallows for men of influence who disagree with the Committee in deed, or word, or thought.

That a race laboring under these fundamental defects and confronted with a problem so gigantic in its bearings as the governing of a number of conflicting peoples and creeds should seriously try to absorb the highly cultured Greeks, Armenians, Bulgars, and Arabs, is hardly conceivable. Yet that was the aim which the Turkish race, as represented or misrepresented by the Committee of Union and Progress, set itself to attain and has been senselessly pursuing for the past three years. And in order to achieve this mad purpose, every organ of the "constitution" has been brought into active play. A race of higher culture, especially if it have also superiority of numbers, may absorb a lower race or permeate it with its own spirit, and impose its language first upon the leading men and then upon large sections of the conquered masses. But no such feat can be achieved by a people whose cultural equipment is relatively slender, whose traditions include no stirring memories of conquest in the sphere of art, science or social progress, and which is largely outnumbered by the races which it seeks to assimilate. And that is the case of the Turk. On whatever scales you weigh the Turk he will be found lighter than the Greek, the Bulgarian, the Serb, the Roumanian, the Arab, and the Armenian, all of whom he is intent on denationalizing and absorbing.

For this mischievous policy, the Committee of "Union and Progress" is answerable. Its members, who combined masonry with assassination, and

linked Moslem orthodoxy with cosmopolitan freethinking, decreed that the various races of the Empire should without unnecessary delay be Turkified. "Ottomanism" was to be the common denominator for a time, but the Turkish race was ultimately to absorb all the others. To the attainment of this end the schools, the mosques, the tribunals, the army, the navy, were made subservient. And lest these means should be ineffectual, systematized assassination was superadded. The restless pioneers among the non-Moslem races of the Empire were shot down or poignarded one by one. Assassins moved stealthily from village to village like angels of death, felt, not seen. And the upshot of this insensate action has been to put the political fabric in the trough of the sea. Every nationality in the Empire is now up in arms against the Government and the Committee. Not only Turkification, but even "Ottomanism," has become odious to them all. They have lost faith in the Turk; even in the loyal Turk, who means what he says and keeps his plighted word. And when Damad Ferid Pasha and Colonel Sadik Bey—men of honor and influence—founded the Opposition party last November, the Greeks under Boussios declined to join them, on the ground—among others—that Turkish promises had become devoid of meaning. Every ethnic element now is hostile to the conqueror. The downfall of the Empire—which, to many non-Turks, appears to be a lesser evil than the perpetuation of the *status quo*—is now calmly talked of as a likely contingency not only by professional politicians, but also by members of the reigning dynasty.

So long as the Committee keeps its power and place, Turkey and the Turks will continue to be hateful to the non-Moslem creeds and the non-Turkish races of the realm. And the Com-

mittee is resolved to cling at all costs to its commanding position. That, to my mind, is one of the direst and most imminent of the perils by which the Turkey of Mehmed V. is now beset. It would be a mischievous resolve even were the secret Junta to confine its self-defence to the use of legal weapons; but to be ready as is the Committee to have recourse to violence and bloodshed in order to keep its hold on power, is disastrous.

There is, however, a humorous side to the matter, and it is hard to suppress a smile when one reflects upon the nationality of the prime authors of this suicidal policy of denationalization. The Salonica Committee consisted of seven members until 1911, when five others were added to their number. I am personally acquainted with a few of these, others I have merely seen, and some I have never even looked upon. But unless my memory deceives me, the Secretary General, Adil Bey, who before the Revolution was Director of the Customs of Salonica, is the son of a Circassian mother. Nesimiy Bey, deputy for Constantinople, is a Cretan, which is another way of saying that he is a Moslem-Greek. Captain Eyoob Sabri Bey is an Albanian. Nadji Bey, sub-lieutenant, is a Persian by extraction. Osman Efendi, the ex-Kaimakam, is an Albanian. Talaat Bey, deputy for Adrianople and ex-Minister of the Interior, is said to be a gipsy whose appearance does credit to the race. Nazim Bey is said to be a Jew. Halil Bey, who presided over the Congress of 1910, and read a curious and characteristic report there, advocating, it is alleged, the extermination of restless Greeks, is the only genuine Turk among those eight. There is something supremely comical in the picture of a secret conclave composed of foreigners, Albanian, Greek, Persian, Jewish, Circassian and gipsy members, compelling all the national

elements of the Empire to become—Turks.

It was these same men, without a vein of humor, who raised the son of a Greek to the Grand Vizierate, and charged him to uphold this policy of Turkification, after having first compelled him to promise solemnly that he would not jeopardize the cause by engaging in questionable financial transactions while he occupied a position of trust.

What it particularly behoves us to bear in mind, when passing in review the Committee's policy, is that the Turkish race, which is so little fitted by nature to sway the destinies of the other peoples of the Empire, is represented and guided by a body of men whose motives and interests are of a personal or at best of a party character, and who cannot, therefore, achieve even such a limited meed of success as would be otherwise attainable. Equally noteworthy is the quiescence of the masses and their men of confidence. They seem to possess in a superlative degree the dubious qualities enumerated in the Epistle to the Corinthians, which enable them "to hope all things, to believe all things, and to endure all things." And this is perhaps the most pathetic trait in the entire national tragedy.

By the self-centred action of the Committee Turkey has been isolated abroad among the Powers of Europe, and isolated at home among the nationalities of the Empire. The Turkish name, which had been discredited by Abdul Hamid, has been blackened beyond redemption by the anonymous successors of the Red Sultan. Some of its many sins are inexplicable. Among them are: systematic injustice; religious intolerance alternating with crude Voltairianism; nationalism merging into rank Chauvinism, and running parallel to criminal neglect of imperial interests; puerile frivolity,



which plunged the country into war, followed by a resistance as heroic as it was vain and ruinous; "order" upheld by disorder; opposition checked by assassination, and government carried on by lawlessness and bloodshed.

Committee-ism has been weighed in the balances against Hamidism, and declared by many to be less endurable; but in England people hardly guess what a thick substratum of heinous outrage and cruelty underlies the accusation. A few examples of recent date may perhaps whet the reader's curiosity to inquire further into the misdeeds of the Committee, of which the consequences may possibly render foreign intervention imperative. I quote from an unpublished official report, which is now in the archives of certain Continental Chancelleries; it describes, in the dry language of an annalist, the way in which arms were sought for by the Turkish troops; the month is last July:—

"In the district of Ueskub the authorities, in their search for arms, had recourse to the usual method of beating the inhabitants, and they employed it with a degree of violence equal to that which was put in force against the Albanians, the Serbs, and the Greeks. The cruelty of these executions was so revolting that a number of villagers banded themselves together and went round to the Consulates in the town of Ueskub to lodge a protest. These men were themselves victims and bore the stigmata of their punishment on their bodies: some of them had very nasty wounds, produced by flogging, and also the marks of having been tied to trees."

"In many cases the villagers accused of hiding arms were beaten until they gave up the ghost. A number of the *personnel* of the Italian Consulate in Koumanovo witnessed the funeral of a Bulgarian who had thus ingloriously and painfully lost his life. On the 8th

August the town of Ueskub witnessed an impressive scene: A crowd of prisoners was brought in from various villages—tottering, limping, moaning. There were two priests, five monks and forty-two laymen in this artificial Purgatory. They could hardly walk for their wounds. One of the priests had manacles. He suddenly turned to the sightseers, men of his own Bulgarian race, and exclaimed: 'Brethren, these our sufferings are the fruits of the Constitution. And they are not the bitterest. We have left behind in our village the corpses of six men who have been beaten to death. Beaten to death under the Ottoman Constitution!'

In the town of Istip a more moving scene was enacted. Istip is the centre of the Bulgarian agitation—for in Macedonia there is a strong feeling against torture and assassination, and some people there are bold enough to rise up in arms against it. The Macedonians may be described as a ferocious lot, for when attacked they defend themselves. The chiefs of these armed bands, knowing that the Turks were coming to look for arms, issued a proclamation forbidding the inhabitants to deliver them up, and severe penalties were threatened against all who should disobey. The Turks got word of this, and sent three battalions of infantry and a large force of artillery to the place. The soldiers surrounded the town and mountain guns were placed on commanding heights around. Then the notabilities of the place, including the clergy, were summoned and ordered to give up all arms. On their making answer that there were none, they were seized and beaten. Some were tortured. The Vicar-General of the Metropolitan Archbishop was belabored until he could not move. He was then carried to his house and put to bed.

Next day they were all ordered to

appear anew. From their houses, their prison cells, and their sick-beds, they were taken to the hall of the school. The vicar was dragged from his bed with only his shirt on, and carried in that condition to the meeting place. On the way they tore the bandages from his wounds and struck him with the butt ends of their rifles in the name of the Committee of Union and Progress! Union and progress forsooth! The Mussulman population, which curiosity and fanaticism had drawn together, followed the Vicar-General hissing, shouting, shying tomatoes and stones at him. In the hall they forced him to his knees and commanded him to chant a prayer for the Sultan. He had to conform; but his voice was low. "Louder, priest, louder!" they yelled. And when the prayer was over: "Now produce the arms!" they shouted.

There was a moment's silence. The Vicar-General, racked with maddening pain and fearing still worse things ahead took a desperate resolve, but said: "Be it so. Permit me then to enter my house in order to get the list of the people who have weapons hidden."

The authorization given, he repaired not to his home but to the Communal Office, where he scribbled a letter to the Metropolitan Archbishop and a last farewell to his children. Then he seized a revolver and blew his brains out. That tragedy was played last August under the Committee of Union and Progress. The Moslem authorities, pursuing the man with their hatred beyond his life, insisted on burying him without religious rites. "The number of persons injured by beating in this place is over 160, and of these about sixty are grievously injured." So says the official report.

Here is a sketch of a dramatic episode which began last September and continued into October, and which, had

it occurred during the last five years of Abdul Hamid's reign, might have provoked foreign intervention. The scene of the misdeeds which I am about to touch upon is the City of Yenidje-Vardar. To the inhabitants of that ill-starred town the 27th September brought a peremptory order to give up all the weapons they possessed. Two days later, about 6 a.m., Turkish soldiers stood guard over every Christian house there, and the inmates were informed that they must consider themselves confined with strict orders to hold no communication with any of their neighbors. Then the search began. Many people were carried away and thrown into prison. That however was a seemingly humane and intelligible procedure by comparison with other methods. Seemingly.

During four consecutive days none of the inmates of the houses were allowed to quit the precincts of their dwellings. None. Their cattle remained without food or drink for all that time. Their children had to make the best of what chanced to be in the house. But nobody was permitted to go out even for food and water! Many people and many animals suffered intensely from hunger and thirst—not so intensely, however, as the dogs of Constantinople which, by order of the Committee, were taken to an island and there left to perish of hunger.

Almost 280 persons were imprisoned. As nothing was found against them they were beaten and tortured by way of compelling them to confess. Most of them were laid on their backs, and their feet so held by soldiers that the executioner could administer the punishment on the soles of their feet—from ten to twenty strokes at a time. After each tale of blows there would be a pause; then a series of questions. As the prisoners were stubborn and would not incriminate themselves the

experiment would be repeated—over and over again. The soles of many of these "united and progressive" subjects of the Constitutional Sultan were reduced to a pulp, the document tells us. Of course it was done for the behoof of the Turkish race and in the name of the Committee of—Union and Progress. Union and Progress! But not all were beaten on the soles of their feet. Some received the blows on their hands, their abdomens, and even their heads. *Doux pays.*

The people who were thrown into prison were not better off than those who were tortured at home. For four days they were kept without food or drink. What that meant in hot September may be imagined. When one learns that many of them were forced to stand many hours on one foot, one's mind runs back to the days of King Yezdigerd of Persia, and the fantastic punishments he inflicted upon Armenian princes some fifteen hundred years ago.

The Macedonian priest had his arms and legs beaten until the bones were fractured. Summoned to appear in this condition, he was carried on a mattress by four soldiers. "Then his brains were blown out by a Turkish soldier," say the Macedonians; "he committed suicide," cry the Moslems, "by placing the muzzle of a rifle in his mouth and moving the trigger." It is immaterial which version is correct. The wretched man had no further business with terrestrial life, and it was a mercy that he quitted it so promptly. That the Macedonian and other Christians, who see their pastors dealt with thus by the Committee of Union and Progress in the name of the Turkish people, should be unwilling to let themselves be absorbed by that people, is hardly to be wondered at. It is human nature. That they should rebel with arms in their hands is quite natural. And it will be well to

bear these things in mind next spring.

Yenidje-Vardar remained beleaguered by the Turkish soldiers for twenty-one days, the prohibition to quit it being maintained strictly. On Sunday, the 8th October, towards evening, the Macedonian population was gathered together in sections, from 100 to 200 persons in each city ward, with soldiers standing round them on guard. And from that Sunday evening until the following Tuesday at 4 p.m. these unfortunate human beings were compelled to remain standing there without eating or drinking, forbidden to lie down or sit, without any covering against the cold of the night, and with strict orders not to speak. When they were at last allowed to go, many of them were half dead. Black, swollen legs constituted a common phenomenon among them. Uncommon methods of torture were also resorted to. The following statements are made on the strength of documents which are not official:—

"Athanasius of Radomir was bound to a tree, his face turned towards the sun and his hands tied behind the tree trunk. For three days he was left thus without eating or drinking." For three days and three nights! A man from Litovoy had his arms stretched out in the form of a cross and was kept in that position for two whole days. It is a thousand pities there was no Ribera to paint him and his strained and swollen muscles. A Turk who had connived at the Macedonian bands, was forced to expiate his crime by standing on one foot for twenty-four hours, the other foot being held up by a strap attached to his shoulder while his body was tied to a tree! A man named Demetrius Mitrense had burning eggs placed in his armpits, and his arms were then pressed down closely to his body. Would another dose of Constitutionalism purge the nation of these odious traits?

No useful purpose could be achieved by drawing further upon the records of these latter-day atrocities. Enough has been said to prepare the mind of the British public for their political consequences which, unless I am mistaken, are not far distant. The fiendish cruelty evinced by the Committee towards the nationalities, Christian and Moslem; its cynical contempt for law and justice and human life; the practice of systematized assassination as part of the machinery of government, have contributed to lay the train which will soon explode in a new revolution or a ruinous civil war. True, there is now a new party in existence, presided over by the Sultan's brother-in-law, Damad Ferid Pasha, whose praiseworthy ambition is to gather up the strength of the Constitutional and other patriotic parties in the country, and to transform them from a number of scattered fragments into an effective machine for good government. For the chiefs of this body of regenerators whom it is my privilege to know personally, I feel unqualified admiration. But I cannot blink the Achilles' heel of their new association; the meekness of their leaders and the evolutionary character of their tactics. They seem to forget that they are living in a period of revolution, when laws are struck silent. To bind themselves as they have done by Constitutional limitations is to render not only successful attack, but even efficacious defence, impossible in certain probable contingencies. They resemble a man carrying a cane who should undertake to fight an adversary armed with a sabre. None of the leaders has as yet shown himself capable of riding the whirlwind and guiding the storm.

The resistance offered to Italy in Tripoli is magnificent. But the motives underlying it, so far as one can ascertain them, are reprehensible, and the political consequences of the strug-

gle may yet prove disastrous. The Committee, whose downright folly is answerable for the loss of Tripoli, is desirous of warding off the consequences of its neglect by protracting a duel of which the issue is a foregone conclusion. The same motive apparently inspires the Committee's attitude towards the growing opposition which it has roused at home. The organized opposition under Damad Ferid Pasha is making such headway, in Parliament and in the country, that Said Pasha's Cabinet can no longer remain in office consistently with its duty to the nation. But instead of resigning in favor of the Opposition, the Government will probably dissolve the Chamber and rule without the Legislature. The Bill enabling the Sultan to do this without obtaining the assent of the Senate, has just been defeated in the Chamber. Possibly the Cabinet may disregard the Constitution and take its own course. That is one of the contingencies for which, so far as I know, the Opposition is not adequately prepared. For the decisive struggle will perhaps be fought out not on Constitutional lines, but with rifles and guns or else with dynamite and gun cotton. And that is one of the dangers with which Turkey is now faced.

Troubles in Albania and Macedonia would also appear to be imminent, especially if the war with Italy goes on. I am in close touch with some of the Albanian chiefs, and I can affirm that a rising is being planned on a scale which would be inconceivable if the Committee and its nominees in the Cabinet had redeemed the promises they made to the insurgent leaders a short time ago. The burnt villages are still heaps of ruins, the funds have not yet been distributed to the needy, and thousands of Albanians are suffering from hunger and cold. The grievances of the Macedonians need no rhe-

torical sauce to render them piquant. In the light of the specimens given above the reader may gauge their impelling force with tolerable accuracy.

Such are a few of the solvent forces now undermining the Turkish Empire. How they will be helped or hindered and what the concrete resultant will be, time alone can reveal. One thing,

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however, already seems as clear as it is symptomatic. The guarantee of Turkey's integrity which Austria-Hungary was willing to accord in 1908, and which Italy may be asked for in 1912, is become a manifest impossibility. By her own deeds, which are those of the Committee, Turkey is proclaimed an Asiatic Power.

*E. J. Dillon.*

### VAGUE THOUGHTS ON ART.

It was on a day of rare beauty that I went out into the fields to try to gather these few thoughts. So golden and sweetly hot it was that they came lazily, and with a flight no more coherent or responsible than the swoop of the very swallows I was watching; and, as in a play or poem, the result is conditioned by the conceiving mood, so I knew would be the nature of my diving, dipping, pale-throated, fork-tailed words. But, after all—I thought, sitting there—I need not take my critical pronouncements seriously. I have not the firm soul of the critic. It is not my profession to know things for certain, and to make others feel that certainty. On the contrary, I am often wrong—a luxury no critic can afford. And so, invading as I was the realm of others, I advanced with a light pen, knowing that none, and least of all myself, need expect me to be right.

What then, I thought, is Art? For I perceived that to think about it I must first define it; and I almost stopped thinking at the fearsome nature of that task, till, slowly, there gathered in my mind this group of words:

Art is that imaginative expression of human energy which, through technical concretion of feeling and perception, tends to reconcile the individual with the universal, by exciting in him

impersonal emotion. And the greatest Art is that which excites the greatest impersonal emotion in an hypothecated perfect human being.

Impersonal emotion! And what, I thought, do I mean by that? Surely I mean this: That is *not* Art, which, while I am contemplating it, inspires me with any active or directive impulse; that *is* Art, when, for however brief a moment, it replaces within me interest in myself by interest in itself. For let me suppose myself in the presence of a carved marble bath. If my thought be, "What could I buy that for?" Impulse of acquisition; or, "From what quarry did it come?" Impulse of inquiry; or, "Which would be the right end for my head?" Mixed impulse of inquiry and acquisition—I am at that moment insensible to it as a work of Art. But, if I stand before it vibrating at sight of its color and forms, if ever so little and for ever so short a time, unhaunted by any definite practical thought or impulse—to that extent and for that moment it has stolen me away out of myself, and put itself there instead, has linked me to the universal by making me forget the individual in me. And for that moment, and only while that moment lasts, it is to me a work of Art. The word "impersonal," then, is only used in this, my definition, to signify a



needed, if only momentary, forgetfulness of one's own personality and its active wants.

So Art, I thought, is that which, heard, read, or looked on, while producing no directive impulse, warms one with unconscious vibration. Nor can I imagine any means of defining what is the greatest Art without hypothesizing a perfect human being. But since we shall never see, or know—if we do see—that desirable creature, dogmatism is banished, "Academy" is dead to the discussion, deader than even Tolstoy left it after his famous treatise *What is Art?* For, having destroyed all the old judges and academies, Tolstoy, by saying that the greatest Art was that which appealed to the greatest number of human beings, proceeded to raise up a definite new judge or academy, living at a given moment, as tyrannical and narrow as ever were those judges whom he had destroyed.

This, at all events—I thought—is as far as I dare go in defining what Art is. But let me try to make plain to myself what is the essential quality that gives to Art the power of exciting this unconscious vibration, this impersonal emotion. It has been called Beauty! An awkward word—a perpetual begging of the question; too current in use, too ambiguous altogether; now too narrow, now too wide—a word, in fact, too glib to know at all what it means. And how dangerous a word—often misleading us into slandering with extraneous floridities what would otherwise, on its own plane, be Art! To be decorative where decoration is not suitable, to be lyrical where lyricism is out of place, is assuredly to spoil Art, not to achieve it. But this essential quality of Art has also been called Rhythm. And what is Rhythm if not that mysterious harmony between part and part, and part and whole, which gives what is called life; that exact proportion, the mystery of

which is best grasped in observing how life leaves an animate creature when the essential relation of part to whole has been sufficiently disturbed. And I agree that this rhythmic relation of part to part, and part to whole—in short, *vitality*—is the one quality inseparable from a work of Art. For nothing which does not seem to a man possessed of this rhythmic vitality can ever steal him out of himself.

And having got thus far in my thoughts I paused, watching the swallows; for they seemed to me the symbol, in their swift, sure curvetting, all daring and balance and surprise, of the delicate poise and motion of Art, that visits no two men alike, in a world where no two things of all the things there be, are quite the same.

Yes,—I thought—and this Art is assuredly the one form of human energy which really works for union and destroys the barriers between man and man. It is the continual, unconscious replacement, however fleeting, of one self by another; the real cement of human life; the everlasting refreshment, and renewal. For what is grievous, dompting, grim, about our lives is that we are shut up within ourselves, with an itch to get outside ourselves. And to be stolen away from ourselves by Art is a momentary relaxation from that itching, a minute's profound, and, as it were, secret, enfranchisement. The active amusements and relaxations of life can only give rest to certain of our faculties by indulging others; the whole self is never rested save through that unconsciousness of self, which comes through rapt contemplation of Nature, or of Art.

And suddenly I remembered having read in a recent essay: "Art in its highest forms does not produce self-forgetfulness, but self-realization of an extraordinary intensity and vividness; by cutting the ties of momentary matters it sets us free to be ourselves more

fully, to live our own soul-lives more intensely."<sup>1</sup>

Ah! but—I thought—that is not the first and instant effect of Art; it is the *after-effect* of that momentary replacement of oneself by the self of the work before us; it is surely the *result* of that brief span of enlargement, enfranchisement, and rest.

Yes, Art is the great and universal refreshment. For Art is never dogmatic; holds no brief for itself—you may take it or you may leave it. It does not force itself rudely where it is not wanted. It is reverent to all tempers, to all points of view. But it is wilful—the very wind in the comings and goings of its influence, an uncapturable fugitive, visiting our hearts at vagrant, sweet moments; since even before the greatest works of Art we often stand without being able quite to lose ourselves! That restful oblivion comes, we never quite know when—and it is gone! But when it comes it is a spirit hovering with cool wings, blessing us from least to greatest according to our powers; a spirit deathless and varied as human life itself.

And in what sort of age—I thought—are artists living now? Are conditions favorable? Life is very multiple; "movements" are very many; interest in "facts" is very great; "news" batters at our brains; limelight is terribly turned on—and all this is adverse to the artist. Yet leisure is abundant; the facilities for study great; Liberty is respected. But far exceeding all other reasons, there is one great reason why in this age of ours Art, it seems, must flourish. For just as cross-breeding in Nature—if it be not too violent—often gives an extra vitality to the offspring, so does cross-breeding of philosophies make for vitality in Art. Historians, looking back from the far future, may record this age as

the Third Renaissance. We who are lost in it, working or looking on, can neither tell what we are doing nor where standing; but we cannot help observing that, just as in the Greek Renaissance, worn-out Pagan orthodoxy was penetrated by new philosophy; just as in the Italian Renaissance, Pagan philosophy, reasserting itself, fertilized again an already too inbred Christian creed; so now, Orthodoxy fertilized by Science is producing a fresh and fuller conception of life—a love of Perfection, not for hope of reward, not for fear of punishment, but for Perfection's sake. Slowly, under our feet, beneath our consciousness, is forming that new philosophy, and it is in times of new philosophies that Art, itself in essence always a discovery, must flourish. Those whose sacred suns and moons are ever in the past, tell us that our Art is going to the dogs; and it is true that we are in confusion! The waters are broken, and every nerve and sinew of the artist is strained to discover his own safety. It is an age of stir and change, a season of new wine and old bottles. Yet assuredly, in spite of breakages and waste, a wine worth the drinking is all the time being made.

I ceased again to think, for the sun had dipped low, and the midges were biting me. The sounds of evening had begun, those innumerable far-travelling cries of man and bird and beast—so clear and intimate—of remote countryside at sunset. And for long I listened, too vague to move my pen.

New philosophy—a vigorous Art! Are there not all the signs of it? In music, sculpture, painting; in fiction—and drama; in dancing; in criticism itself, if criticism be an Art. Yes; we are reaching out to a new faith not yet crystallized, to a new Art not yet perfected; the forms still to find—the flowers still to fashion!

And how has it come, this slowly

<sup>1</sup> "Art, Life, and Criticism." Edwin Björkman.

growing faith in Perfection for Perfection's sake? Surely thus. When the Western world awoke one day to find that it no longer believed corporately and for certain in future life for the individual—when it began to feel: "I cannot say more than that there may be individual life to come; that Death may be the end of man, or that Death may be nothing"—it began also to ask itself in this uncertainty: "Do I then desire to go on living?" And, since it found that it desired to go on living at least as earnestly as ever it did before, it began to inquire why. And slowly it perceived that there was, inborn within it, a passionate instinct, of which it had hardly till then been conscious—a sacred instinct to perfect itself, now, as well as in a possible hereafter; to perfect itself because Perfection was desirable, a vision to be adored and striven for; a dream motive fastened within the Universe; the very essential Cause of everything. And it began to see that this Perfection, cosmically, was nothing but perfect Equilibrium and Harmony; and in human relations, nothing but perfect Love and Justice. And Perfection began to glow before the eyes of the Western world like a new star, whose light touched with glamour all things as they came forth from Mystery, till to Mystery they were ready to return.

This—I thought—is surely what the Western world has dimly been rediscovering. There has crept into our minds once more the feeling that the Universe is all of a piece, Equipoise supreme; and all things equally wonderful, and mysterious, and valuable. We have begun in fact, to have a glimmering of the artist's creed, that nothing may we despise or neglect—that everything is worth the doing well, the making fair—that our God, Perfection, is implicit everywhere, and the revelation of Him, the business of our Art.

And as I jotted down these words, I

noticed that some real stars had crept up into the sky, so gradually darkening above the pollard limes; cuckoos, who had been calling on the thorn trees all the afternoon, were silent; the swallows no longer flitted past, but a bat was already in career over the holly hedge; and round me the buttercups were closing. The whole form and feeling of the world had changed, so that I seemed to have before me a new picture hanging.

Ah!—I thought—Art must indeed be priest of this new faith in Perfection, whose motto is "Harmony, Proportion, Balance." For by Art alone can true harmony in human affairs be fostered, true Proportion revealed, and true Equipoise preserved. Is not the training of an artist a training in the due relation of one thing with another, and in the faculty of expressing that relation clearly; and, even more, a training in the faculty of disengaging from self the very essence of self and passing that essence into other selves by so delicate means that none shall see how it is done, yet be insensibly unified? Is not the artist, of all men, born to be foe of partisanship and parochialism, of distortions and extravagance, the discoverer of that jack-o'-lantern—Truth; for, if Truth be not Spiritual Proportion I know not what it may be. Truth, it seems to me, is no absolute thing, but always relative, the essential symmetry in the varying relationships of life; and the most perfect truth but the concrete expression of the most penetrating vision. Life seen throughout as a countless show of the finest works of Art; Life shaped, and purged of the irrelevant, the gross, and the extravagant; Life, as it were, spiritually selected—that is Truth; a thing as multiple, and changing, as subtle, and strange, as Life itself, and as little to be bound by dogma. Truth admits but the one rule: no deficiency, and no excess! Disobedient to that.

rule, nothing attains full vitality. And secretly fettered by that rule is Art, whose business is the creation of vital things.

That æsthete, to be sure, was right enough who said: "It is Style that makes one believe in a thing; nothing but Style." For what is style in its true sense save fidelity to idea and mood, and perfect balance in the clothing of them? And I thought: Can one believe in the decadence of Art in an age which, however unconsciously as yet, is beginning to worship that which Art worships—Perfection—Style?

The faults of our Art to-day are the faults of zeal and of adventure, the faults and crudities of pioneers, the errors and mishaps of the explorer. They must pass through many fevers and many times lose their way, but at all events they shall not go dying in their beds and be buried at Kensal Green. And here and there amid the disasters and wreckage of their voyages of discovery, they will find something new, some fresh way of embellishing life, or of revealing the heart of things. That characteristic of to-day's Art—the striving of each branch of Art to burst its own boundaries—to many spells destruction; but is it not rather of happy omen? The novel straining to become the play—the play the novel—both trying to paint; music striving to become story; poetry gasping to be music; painting panting to be philosophy; forms, canons, rules, all melting in the pot; stagnation broken up! In all this havoc there is much to shock and jar even the most eager and adventurous. We say, "I cannot stand this new-fangled fellow! He has no form! He rushes in where angels fear to tread. He has lost all the good of the old, and given us nothing in its place!" And yet, only out of stir and change is born new salvation. To deny that is to deny belief in man, to turn our backs on courage! It is well, indeed, that some

should live in their closed studies with the paintings and the books of yesterday—such devotees and students serve Art in their own way. But the fresh-air world will ever want new forms. We shall not get them without faith enough to risk the old! The good will live, the bad will die; and to-morrow only can tell us which is which!

Yes—I thought—we take, and naturally, a too impatient view of the Art of our own time, since we can neither see the ends towards which it is almost blindly groping, nor the few perfected creations that will be left standing amidst the rubble of abortive effort. An age must always decry itself and extol its forbears. The unwritten history of every Art will show us that. Consider the novel—that most recent form of Art. Did not the age which followed Fielding lament the treachery of authors to the Picaresque tradition, complaining that they were not as Fielding and Smollett were? Be sure they did. Very slowly, and in spite of opposition, did the novel attain in this country the fullness of that biographical form achieved under Thackeray. Very slowly, and in face of condemnation, it has been losing that form in favor of a greater vividness, which places before the reader's brain, not historical statements, as it were, of motives and of facts, but word-paintings of things and persons, so chosen and arranged that the reader may see, as if at first hand, the spirit of Life at work before him. The new novel has as many bemoaners as the old novel had when it was new. It is no question of better or worse, but of *differing* forms—of change dictated by gradual suitability to the changing conditions of our social life, and to the ever-fresh discoveries of craftsmen, in the intoxication of which, old and equally worthy craftsmanship is too often for the moment overlaid and lost. The vested interests of life favor the

line of least resistance—disliking and revolting against disturbance. On the other hand, a spurious glamour is inclined to gather around what is new. And because of these two deflecting factors, those who break through old forms must always expect to be dead before the new forms they have unconsciously created have found their true level, high or low, in the world of Art. When a thing is new it is "nohow!" In the fluster of meeting novelty, we have even seen coherence attempting to bind together two personalities so fundamentally opposed as those of Ibsen and Bernard Shaw—dramatists with hardly a quality in common; no identity of tradition, or belief; not the faintest resemblance in methods of construction or technique. Yet contemporary estimate talks of them often in the same breath. They are new! It is enough. And others as utterly unlike them both. They, too, are new. They have as yet no other label. Lump them in!

And so—I thought—it must always be; for Time is essential to the proper placing and estimate of all Art. And is it not this feeling that contemporary judgments are apt to turn out a little ludicrous, which has turned criticism of late to the form, not so much of judgment pronounced, as of impression recorded—recreative statement—a kind, in fact, of expression of the critic's self, elicited through contemplation of a book, a play, a symphony, a picture? For this kind of criticism there has even recently been claimed an actual identity with creation, in a passage which runs thus: "Taste must reproduce the work of Art within itself in order to understand and judge it; and at that moment æsthetic judgment becomes nothing more nor less than creative art itself. The identity of genius and taste is the final achievement of modern thought on the subject of Art, and it means that, fundamen-

tally, the creative and the critical instincts are one and the same."<sup>2</sup>

Æsthetic judgment and creative power identical! I wondered, reading, and still wonder! For however sympathetic one may feel towards this new criticism, however one may recognize that the recording of impression has a wider, more elastic, and more lasting value than the delivery of arbitrary judgment based on rigid laws of taste; however one may admit that it approaches the creative gift in so far as it demands the qualities of receptivity and reproduction—is there not still lacking to this "new" critic something of that thirsting spirit of discovery which precedes the creation—hitherto so-called—of anything? Criticism, taste, æsthetic judgment, by the very nature of their task, wait till life has been imprisoned for them before they attempt to reproduce the image which that imprisoned fragment of life makes on the mirror of their minds. But a thing "created" springs from a germ unconsciously implanted by the direct impact of unfettered life on the whole range of the creator's temperament; and round the germ thus engendered the creative artist—ever penetrating, discovering, selecting—goes on building cell on cell, gathered from a million little fresh impacts and visions. And to say that this is also exactly what the re-creative critic does is to say that the interpretative musician is creator in the same sense as is the composer of the music that he interprets. And if, indeed, these processes be the same in kind, they are in degree so far apart that one would think the word creative unfortunately used of both. . . .

But this speculation—I thought—is going beyond the bounds of vagueness. Let there be some thread of coherence in the progress of your thoughts, as in the progress of this evening, fast

<sup>2</sup> "The New Criticism." Professor Spingarn. Columbia University, U.S.A.



fading into night. Return to the consideration of the nature and purposes of Art! And recognize that you will seem, on the face of it, a heretic to the school whose doctrine was incarnated by Oscar Wilde in that admirable apotheosis of half truths, *The Decay of the Art of Lying*. Did he not there say, "No great artist ever sees things as they really are"; while you have put it thus: The seeing of things as they really are—the seeing of a proportion velled from other eyes (together with the power of expression), is what makes a man an artist. What makes him a great artist is that high fervor of spirit which produces a superlative, instead of a comparative, clarity of vision.

Close to this house of mine there are some pines with gnarled red limbs flanked by beech trees. And there is often a very deep blue sky behind. Generally, that is all I see. But once in a way, in those trees against that sky I seem to see all the passionate life and glow that Titian painted into his Pagan pictures. I have a vision of mysterious meaning, of a mysterious relation between that sky and those trees with their gnarled red limbs, and Life as I know it. When I have had that vision I always feel that it is reality, and all those other times, when I am not so blessed, simple unreality; and if I were a painter, it is for such fervent feeling I should wait before moving brush. This, so intimate, inner vision of reality, seems in duller moments well-nigh grotesque; and hence that other glib half-truth: "Art is greater than Life itself." Art is greater than Life in the sense that the power of Art is the disengagement from Life of its real spirit and significance. But in any other sense, to say that Art is greater than Life from which it emerges, and into which it must remerge, can but suspend the artist over Life, with his feet in the air and his

head in the clouds—Prig masquerading as Demi-god. "Nature is no great Mother who has borne us. She is our creation. It is in our brain that she quickens to life." Such is the highest hyperbole of the æsthetic creed. But what is creative instinct if not an incessant living sympathy with Nature, a constant craving like that of Nature's own, to fashion something new out of all that comes within the grasp of those faculties with which Nature has endowed us? The qualities of vision, of fancy, and of imaginative power, are no more divorced from Nature than are the qualities of common sense and courage. They are rarer, that is all. But, in truth, no one holds such views. Not even those who utter them. They are the rhetoric, the over-statement of half-truths, by such as wish to condemn what they call "Realism," without being temperamentally capable of appreciating what "Realism" really is.

And what—I thought—is Realism? What is the meaning of that word so wildly used? Is it descriptive of technique, or descriptive of the spirit of the artist, or both, or neither? Was Turgenev a realist? No greater poet ever wrote in prose, nor anyone who more closely brought the actual shapes of men and things before us. Was he a realist? No more fervent idealists than Ibsen and Tolstoy ever lived; and none more careful to make their people real. Were they realists? No more deeply fantastic writer can I conceive than Dostolevsky, nor any who has described actual situations more vividly. Was he a realist? The late Stephen Crane was called a novelist. Than whom no more impressionistic writer ever painted with words. What then is the heart of this term still often used as an expression almost of abuse? To me, at all events—I thought—the words realism, realistic, have no longer reference to technique, for

which the words naturalism, naturalistic serve far better. Nor do they imply a lack of imaginative power—which is as much demanded by realism as by romanticism. A realist, as I understand the word, may be naturalistic, poetic, idealistic, fantastic, impressionistic, anything, indeed, except romantic; that, in so far as he is realistic, he cannot be. The word, to me, characterizes that artist who invents tale or design revealing the actual inter-relating spirit of life, character, and thought, with a primary view to enlighten; as distinguished from that artist—whom I call romantic—who invents tale or design with a primary view to delight. It is a question of temperamental antecedent motive in the artist, and nothing more.

Realist — Romanticist! Enlightenment—Amusement! That is the true apposition. To make a revelation—to tell a fairy-tale! And either of these artists may use what form he likes—naturalistic, fantastic, poetic, impressionistic. For it is not by the form, but by the purpose and mood of his art that he shall be known, as one or as the other. Realists, we know, including the half of Shakespeare that was realist, not being primarily concerned to amuse their audience, are still comparatively unpopular in a world made up for the greater part of men of action, who instinctively reject all art that does not distract them without causing them to think. For thought makes demands on an energy already in full use; thought causes introspection; and introspection causes discomfort, and disturbs the grooves of action. But to say that the object of the realist is to enlighten rather than to delight, is not to say that in his art the realist is not amusing himself as much as ever is the teller of a fairy-tale, though he does not deliberately start out to do so; he is amusing, too, a large part of mankind. For, admit-

ted that the object and the test of Art is the awakening of vibration, of impersonal emotion, it is still usually forgotten that men fall, roughly speaking, into two flocks—those whose intelligence is uninquiring in the face of Art, and does not demand to be appeased before their emotions can be stirred; and those who, having a speculative bent of mind, must first be satisfied by the enlightening quality in a work of Art before that work of Art can make them feel at all. The audience of the realist is drawn from this latter type of man; the much larger audience of the romantic artist from the former; together with, in both cases, those fastidious few for whom all Art is style and only style, and who welcome either kind so long as it is good enough.

To me, then—I thought—this division into Realism and Romance, so understood, is the main cleavage in all the Arts; but it is hard to find pure examples of either kind. For even the most determined realist has more than a streak in him of the romanticist, and the most resolute romanticist finds it impossible at times to be quite unreal. Correggio, Guido Reni, Watteau, Leighton—were they not perhaps somewhat pure romanticists; Leonardo, Rembrandt, Hogarth, Watts—mainly realist; and Botticelli, Titian, Raphael, a blend of both. Dumas *père*, and Scott, surely romantic; Flaubert and Tolstoy as surely realists; Dickens and Cervantes, blended. Keats and Swinburne—romantic; Browning and Whitman — realistic; Shakespeare and Goethe, both. The Greek dramatists—realists. The Arabian Nights and Malory—romantic. The *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, and the Old Testament, both realism and romance. But how thin often is the hedge! And how poor a business the partisan abuse of either kind of art in a world where each sort of mind has full right to its own due expression, and grumbling lawful only

when due expression is not attained. One man may not care for a Rembrandt portrait of a plain old woman; a graceful Watteau decoration may leave another cold; but foolish will he be who denies that both are faithful to their conceiving moods, and so proportioned part to part, and part to whole, as to have, each in its own way, that inherent rhythm or vitality which is the hallmark of Art. He is but a poor philosopher who holds a view so narrow as to exclude forms not to his personal taste. No realist can love romantic Art so much as he loves his own, but when that Art fulfils the laws of its peculiar being, if he would be no blind partisan, he must admit it. The romanticist will never be amused by realism, but let him not for that reason be so parochial as to think that realism, when it achieves vitality, is not Art. Art is but the perfected expression of self in contact with the world; whether that self be of enlightening, or of fairy-telling temperament, is of no moment whatever. The tossing of abuse from realist to romanticist and back is but the sword-play of two one-eyed men with their blind side turned towards each other. Shall not each attempt at Art be judged on its own merits? If found not shoddy, faked, or forced, but true to itself, true to its conceiving mood, and fair-proportioned part to whole, so that it *lives*—then, realistic or romantic, in the name of fairness let it pass! For of all kinds of human energy, Art is the most free, the least parochial, and demands of us an essential tolerance of all its forms. Shall we, then, waste breath and ink in con-

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demnation of artists because their temperaments are not our own?

But the shapes and colors of the day were now all blurred; every tree and stone entangled in the dusk. How different the world seemed from that in which I had first sat down, with the swallows flirting past. And my mood was different, for each of those worlds had brought to my heart its proper feeling—painted on my eyes the just picture. And Night, that was coming, would bring me yet another mood that would frame itself with consciousness at its own fair moment, and hang before me. A quiet owl stole by in the field below and vanished into the heart of a tree. And suddenly above the moor-line I saw the large moon rising. Cinnamon-colored, it made all things swim, made me uncertain of my thoughts, vague with a mazy feeling. Shapes seemed but drifts of moon-dust, and true reality nothing save a sort of still listening to the wind. And for long I sat, just watching the moon creep up, and hearing the thin, dry rustle of the leaves along the holly hedge. And there came to me this thought: What is this Universe—that never had beginning and will never have an end—but a myriad striving to perfect pictures never the same, so blending and fading one into another that all form one great perfected picture. And what are we—ripples on the tides of a birthless, deathless, equipoised Creative Purpose—but little works of Art?

But trying to record that thought, I noticed that my notebook was damp with dew. The cattle were lying down. It was too dark to see.

*John Galsworthy.*

## AKSO WAD DOK.

(CONCLUSION.)

## III.

I rather doubt whether people at home quite realize the difficulties of administering justice in uncivilized countries. Take a murder trial, for instance. Are many people in England aware of the undoubted fact that the task of an English magistrate, trying a man for his life in Africa, is infinitely more difficult and complicated, and entails a far higher degree of responsibility, than that imposed on a judge trying a man for murder in England? The judge in England presides over a great and most admirable machine for ascertaining the truth; a capable and trustworthy police force has investigated the matter with the utmost thoroughness; the case is put on both sides as well as experienced counsel can put it; the witnesses mostly speak the truth, so far as they know it; and the decision which means life or death does not, after all, rest with the judge himself, but with the jury. Above all, everybody concerned is English. Judge and jury alike are dealing with people whose habits, customs, and methods of thought they perfectly well know.

Compare with this our position in the wilds. We are bound, in practice, to conduct all the investigations ourselves, because there is no one else who can do it. We have no barristers to assist us. There is no certainty that any witness, however straightforward he may seem, is telling the truth. The final decision rests with us; assessors may be of some assistance, but their advice in no way diminishes our responsibility. Each of us, when the occasion arises, has to decide, practically without assistance, whether a man is to live or die. And how much do any of us know about the working of the native mind?

We sit through long hot days. We

strain every nerve not to let a word of evidence escape us; if we miss a point there is no one else to seize it. The mental strain and fatigue of such a trial is much greater than any other I have ever known. In the end we must come to a decision, one way or another; and, except for the confirming power of the Governor, our decision means life or death. The chief wonder is, to my mind, that we don't always acquit, or at most find a verdict of manslaughter.

But this case was worse even than the ordinary trial on the capital charge, because Akso Wad Dok was not only my servant, but, in a sense, my friend; among other things, he had saved my life at the risk of his own. I wanted, naturally, to find he was innocent; I was determined, naturally, not to be influenced by my personal liking for the man. I can't tell you how I hated the whole business.

Meanwhile the papers were sent off by special messenger to Headquarters, and Akso Wad Dok was lodged in the lock-up, which stood in the corner of my compound. That is another disadvantage of our position in these matters—you haven't done with your prisoner when you have sentenced him, like an English judge; you are practically his jailor too, and if you don't superintend his execution, it will pretty certainly be muddled. It isn't so easy to hang a man quickly as you might think. So I had the pleasant prospect, if the sentence was confirmed, of assisting at Akso's hanging.

Meanwhile he couldn't be kept in the stuffy little lockup all day, so I gave orders that he should be allowed out in the compound under guard. About half this compound was supposed to be a garden: it was looked after by an idiotic old gentleman named (approxi-

mately) Quatso, who never succeeded in making anything grow. When I upbraided him on the subject, his only suggestion was that something might be done if I would raise his wages and give him a man and a boy to help him. This I naturally refused to think of until he had something to show, and he used to go sadly back to his garden-ing. His method was to pump up water from a little well in the corner of the compound, and conduct it by channels over his domain; but every green thing died with startling rapidity, and my seeds, which were sent regularly from England, never by any chance came up.

The day after the trial, when I came out after my *siesta*, I found Akso, the sergeant, and the gardener engaged in a heated controversy. Akso and the sergeant were holding forth in turn to the gardener, who was almost in tears. On inquiry it appeared that the energetic Akso had sampled the garden well and found it was as salt as brine.

"Of course it's salt," said the sergeant.

"Why did you never tell me?" said I.

"Your Excellency never asked," said the sergeant.

"Is it my fault the well is salt?" asked poor old Quatso. "I bring the water to the land. That is the work of a gardener. How shall I make salt water fresh?" He wept miserably.

"Silence, old fool," said Akso. "Go and sit in the shade and let me be gardener. Is it permitted?"

Well, you know, it seems rather odd for the judge to turn on a man he has just condemned to death to cultivate his garden. But it might be months before I got the confirmation of his sentence, and it would not be good for him to be idle all that time. I didn't believe he would do any good with it, but at least it would keep him occupied. So I told him he might do as he liked

about it. I didn't think he would stick to it very long.

It turned out, however, that my old sergeant, who was a Hausa from Katsena, knew all that there was to be known about irrigation and the cultivation of gardens—I believe they all do in those parts; and he took Akso in hand and found him an apt pupil. In a few days they had contrived between them to bring water from a spring just outside the compound, and they began by giving the ground a thorough soaking to get the salt out. I didn't follow all their manœuvres very closely, but I know that in about a month's time things began to grow, and that in two months I was in a fair way to have a flourishing garden. Akso was one of those blacks we occasionally meet who give some hope of the future of their race: though he was a simple enough fellow, he had a head on his shoulders, and could set his mind to a job like a white man. He was immensely proud of his garden, and might have been seen, in the cool of the evening, personally conducting parties of his friends round his domain. He was still locked up at night; but his wife was a good deal about the place, and I think she was generally locked in with him by mistake; and altogether, you know, my prisoner awaiting execution came to be generally considered as my gardener, and the jail as the gardener's cottage. Everybody except myself had pretty well forgotten poor Mackay's murder: there were times when I almost forgot it myself.

I remember the sort of sick feeling with which I opened the post-bag, expecting to find Akso's sentence confirmed. Instead, I got an acid official letter from the Attorney-General asking why no sworn interpreter had been appointed. Good Lord! When there wasn't a single soul in all Yambo who knew anything but the local dialects except myself and some of the Maa-



zouns, who were by way of having a bowing acquaintance with Arabic. Who was to interpret what, for the benefit of whom? I knew all the dialects well,—they're very easy to learn; and the only other soul who knew any English at all was Akso himself, who knew about twenty words, though "damn" was the only one he often used.

However, it was a respite for another couple of months at least; and I had some faint hope that they might quash the sentence on the ground of irregularity, and order me to send Akso down to Port Collingwood for trial. If they did, he would probably succeed in bolting on the way. I sincerely hoped he would get off somehow, though I had sentenced him myself, and was prepared to see him hanged myself if the sentence was confirmed.

As it turned out, the delay was a good bit longer than two months. I really forget the details: I think somebody wrote "kindly" instead of "please" in an official letter; and somebody else wrote back that "please" was a request, but "kindly" was an order, and that he didn't take orders from the other man: you know the sort of rot. Anyhow, I got no news for month after month, and really was in a fair way to forget all about it.

And Manuyama, the Head Chief, died and was buried with his fathers, and Magoro his son reigned in his stead. There had been another son, Azindo, an ill-conditioned young whelp, always too much in with the witch-doctor to please me; but he had a certain following, and I had rather expected rows when old Manuyama died. But he seemed to have cleared out: at any rate I heard nothing of him.

Meanwhile the garden flourished exceedingly, and Akso was rapidly developing into a trusted and confidential servant. Our only real failure was

with the cabbages: do what he would, the white ants ate them; and this was the more annoying as I am particularly fond of cabbage. I was actually holding forth to Akso on the subject when the mail came in, with his death-sentence confirmed.

#### IV.

You may imagine what a shock it was to me to find that I had to take my excellent gardener out and hang him. I had been hoping that something would happen to prevent it; but there was the Governor's confirmation in black and white, and my duty was plain. It was no good delaying or beating about the bush, so I said—

"Akso, the order has come from the Government that you are to be hanged. It will be to-morrow morning."

Akso said, "As your will is. But I couldn't help the white ants eating the cabbages."

I said, "What is this talk of cabbages? You are to be hanged for shooting the white man, Mr. Mackay."

He said, "I did not shoot the white man. And besides, who is going to look after the garden if I am hanged? Quatso is no use. He is too old, and the others are more stupid than bulls."

I said, "It is an order," and left him. I rather hoped he would bolt, but he didn't.

Next morning early the procession started from my house. Mohammed Hassan, the Maazoun, and Magoro, the new Head Chief, walked with me; behind us came poor Akso, between two policemen, and my old sergeant. All the men in the village had been turned out to see the execution. As we came to the place the sergeant stepped in front of me, halted facing me, and saluted.

"Well," I said, "what is it?"

"Of your kindness," said the sergeant, "Akso Wad Dok, your slave, could not prevent the white ants from

eating those cabbages. It is well known that they cannot be kept out of any garden. Also, he is a good gardener: I taught him."

There was a murmur of approval from the crowd. Magoro said—

"Perhaps your Excellency may think a flogging would be sufficient. Of course it is for your Excellency to decide."

I said, "No more of this talk. Akso Wad Dok has been convicted of the murder of the white man, Mr. Mackay. The Court has sentenced him to death, and his Excellency the Governor has confirmed the sentence." I read out the sentence and the confirmation in a loud voice, so that the whole crowd might hear.

Everyone looked at me in blank amazement. The sergeant grumbled, half to himself: "All the world knows that Azindo shot the white man with Akso Wad Dok's gun."

I turned to Mohammed Hassan for an explanation. "Indeed," he said, "this is the common report. It is said that Azindo listened to the tale of that mad fellow from the Congo, who boasted of shooting a white man. Then he went in the night and stole Akso Wad Dok's gun, and in the morning he shot the white man, being himself a fool, like that other. When he had shot him he threw down the gun, being afraid, and went to his father. Manuyama, the Head Chief, and told him all. Then Manuyama, fearing for the honor of his house, suborned witnesses against Akso Wad Dok, and sent Azindo to a far country."

I said, "Why have I not been told of this sooner? Did you know of it at the time of the trial?"

"At that time," he answered, "I did not know. Afterwards, your Excel-

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lency made Akso Wad Dok your gardener, and one of the chief of your servants. We thought that all was known to your Excellency, but that nothing was said out of regard for Manuyama, the Head Chief."

"Is this story true, Magoro?" I asked.

"I was away, buying corn," said Magoro. "But this is the story my father told me. As for Azindo, he was killed in Baghirimi a month since, through his own folly. A merchant has given me word of it."

I was simply amazed. Akso Wad Dok grinned at me cheerfully. They all grinned. Everyone began talking at once, explaining and amplifying the story. They were quite respectful and polite; but they were instructing me, as an outsider, in a matter which seemed to be perfectly well known to everyone else in the place. I once heard some cricketers in the Pavillion at Lord's explaining the elements of the game of cricket to a foreign Prince; this was just the same sort of thing. And I had been in charge of the district for years, and thought I knew if a mouse squeaked! It is easy to be wise after the event; but of course I ought to have spotted the point about the gun. Akso Wad Dok, if he had shot Mackay, would never have thrown down his gun and left it there. He would have bolted into the bush and taken it with him.

Well, we all went home again, quite happy, and held an inquiry, from which it appeared clearly that it was Azindo who had shot Mackay. I sent the new evidence down to Port Collingwood, with a recommendation for a free pardon for Akso Wad Dok, and in due course he was pardoned.

But, by Jove, what a wiggling I got from the Attorney-General!

## ANALOGIES.

## I. THE WINGS.

Is it strange or natural that a race so prolific as we British in results should have come to be so impatient and ignorant of means?

It seems a fact, however, and, like most modern signs, it is an unhealthy one. It is, indeed, a symptom of repletion. In our arms, our letters, our arts, manufactures, commerce, and crafts, success has been so long a foregone conclusion that we can bear neither to look at anything else nor even to consider how any given success has been attained. In other words, we have no time or tolerance for anything but the finished article, and only for the very best of that. This inattention to processes has had a double effect. It has made this at once the most scenic and most gullible epoch of our once plain and cautious race. As with those senile connoisseurs whose mishaps (or executors) occasionally place a curio dealer in the dock of the Old Bailey, long acquaintance with masterpieces has dulled, instead of improved, the "eye" for discriminating between the genuine and the copy. No age was ever so kind to *simulacra*, to lay figures, as boneless and brainless as you please, so long as they be cunningly posed and clad. We cannot bear to be without our "specimens." If they be not in the market, we actually manufacture them for ourselves, acclaiming a Wellington in the nearest iron visage, a Pitt in the most sententious tongue, a Gainsborough in the swiftest extant brush, a Hero in practically anybody who does not flee from anything with danger in it. Like secret sellers of family portraits, we immediately fill with a copy each aching void as it occurs on the national walls. The substitute is as fine as the vanished *chef d'œuvre* in ex-

ternals; and who has eyes for more? Thus we live amidst an incessant parade of things, not as they are, but as we would have them, and as they would like to be thought to be. As the greater includes the less, never before has the theatre so nearly touched the zenith of its art, namely, the reflection of human nature; since never before have audiences connived with mummers in caring so little for the souls of plays and so greatly for their clothing. In consequence, never before has the theatre been a place of entertainment so paltry, so uninteresting, except as a pathological specimen, and so full. For its mission is perfect. The greater stage is not less crowded with processions and pageants, with padded images of grandeur, with mediocrities passing as mighty by reason of their raiment or their raving, with armies numerous not in men but in reappearances; it is not less vocal with sound and fury signifying nothing, not less spangled with "stars" deriving their radiance from magnesium; nor less splendid with the garniture of sovereignty, statesmanship and patriotism covering men who are merely engaged in seeking their living as anxiously as the hungriest super in the back row. But flanking both stages are the Wings.

Were jesting Pilate with us to-day, with two thousand years of unclean ideals superadded to his doubts, how he would reiterate his famous query, put, we like to think, not in jest at all, but in the sadness which to me has always enveloped this buried treasure of a man. But if, as story has it, his questioning soul still flits about the world, it could soon be laid to rest. It is certain both what Truth is and where she is to be found. Cease

questing about the stage, thou unquiet Roman, and seek her in the Wings, the rough, raw, reverse sides of things, where, amidst cordage, smells, sawdust, and squalor, perfection is prepared with heavy toil by common men and women, all as real as the rocks and trees, though separated from the fairy-lands behind which they lurk and work by no more than the thickness of a canvas.

There is something intensely interesting, nay, there is nothing else so interesting as the constructive part of our highly finished life of to-day. How hidden it is! The coral-builders are not more secretive than the hosts who labor for our safety, our pleasures, or our whims. I lately chanced to be present when a collection of superb old paintings was being rehung; and as they lay about the floor on every side, "like camels stooping to unlade their riches"—so many thousands of guineas in each few inches of pigment—it occurred to me to look at the backs of them. I am sorry I did so. The pictures were soon on their walls again, the "glimmering vista" glowed once more with "Rubens' gaudy banners and the rich jewels of Titian"; but through the divine impasto of Nymph, Madonna, and Hero I still saw the skeleton of wooden struts and stretchers, of linings of canvas and the parqueting and riveting of panels, and finally the scars and filth which centuries had bestowed upon the unvalued face of each well-nigh priceless obverse. Here was a part of the Wings of art, the stage carpenter's part, infinitely skilful and laborious, as shocking as the slums which cluster around a fashionable London square. I saw another part when, a little later, I visited an artist friend, than whom not Whistler himself breathed more tenderly on to canvas the subtle harmonies which tremble in this city air—I refer to the late most lamented Paul Maitland. I found

himwhelmed in an atrocious atmosphere, hot as a navvy, dirty to his finger-tips. He was busy stretching and "priming" his canvases for the coming summer's work, and he looked and felt no more like the creator of his own most delicate landscapes than the workman who stamped out Wordsworth's steel nibs resembled the poet.

Look now at that little pile of written sheets, blotted, crowded with erasures, alterations, interpolations. There is scarcely a word and not an adjective that has not been rewritten, some twice or thrice over. Is it Smith minor's Latin exercise after correction by his indignant usher? No, it is the original manuscript, the Wings, in fact, of one of the easiest flowing passages in all British literature, a model of style, lucidity, and polish, ground out, as many such masterpieces have been, by one who, sitting *impransus* by the midnight candle, wrestled with the entire English tongue and got it under, one Samuel Johnson.

Come next into that swell tailor's shop, or "place of business," as he himself would have it; and indeed "shop" appears too crude a word for so sumptuous a divan. Here all is suavity and well-bred calm, tempered light, pile carpets, polished men and mahogany. It seems scarcely decent to mention trousers in such a place, nor is the presiding genius in a hurry to broach the subject. The winner of the St. Leger, Lord A's luck with the stags on his new forest, the divorce case, your own fishing, or his own motor-car—these are his gently divulged interests, and he will take from you a cigarette or a cheque on account with equal debonairness. He has no business on hand, apparently, nor any desire for any. Your mere appearance within his doors charms him and his, your conversation delights him, your order is less welcome than your jest. But ask him to let you descend the spidery.

spiral, skeleton staircase of iron—just such a thing as winds down to a liner's engine-room—which leads to his underground workrooms. At the bottom is a heavy balze door, especially designed to imprison sound. When, thinking of Dante, you have entered, it is like passing from a backwater into a weir-pool. There is a rush of men, a roar of voices, inquiring voices, angry voices, imperious voices, complaining voices. Cloth and brown paper seem to fill the troubled air; electric light, unbearably brilliant, flashes painfully on every side as the cutters raise or lower the naked bulbs over their work. A shrill telephone bell rings incessantly. It is the herald of hurry and complaints. Major J *must* have his tunic home to-night, and "please let it fit *somewhere* this time"; if the Duke of B's dress suit be not ready by noon to-morrow (it was only bespoke at noon to-day), neither it nor its makers will be of any further use to his Grace; Captain P wants to know if three pairs of khâki breeches can possibly be at Southampton before the troopship sails at the next high tide. A hundred messages and messengers come and go; a crowd of "outside" hands stump in with their day's labor, a dribble of "insides" stamp out to their meals. Can this be part of that stately, lounging concern upstairs; can this be the birth-place of the immaculate raiment with which we are wont to regale St. James's Street or the drawing-rooms of Mayfair? It is; it is the Wings thereof, the constructional part, the back of the picture.

Let us now follow Captain P's breeches to Southampton, where they will assuredly arrive in good time, no matter how many weary hands and

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eyes teach Night (at "home," to avoid the Inspector) to counterfeit the day, in order to get the job done. A force is embarking for active service. Through typhoons of cheers and snow-storms of waving handkerchiefs it marches briskly down to the docks, flows, like Lord Wolseley's famous "water running uphill," up the gangways, a last explosion of enthusiasm, and it is off. No more trouble—less in fact—than a school treat embarking for Southend. But for months past what maelstroms of labor, of calculation, checking, ordering, passing and refusing have been whirling stuff from the workshops and factories of Bradford, Birmingham, Northampton, or Raunds, into the Army clothing stores, forage stores, ration stores, ammunition, saddlery, transport, medical, and a dozen other depôts, the Wings where the pretty pageant of the march to the quay and on to the bungfull steamer was matured.

But once on this train of thought numberless instances occur. Roughness, hurry, sweat, and work throng the Wings of the world's ease. It is even so in nature. Behind the rainbow is the storm, under the lily is the dung-heap, to make the diamond hideous travail writhed in the womb of the world.

The pageant of Immortality itself is being put together, ah! how painfully and of what sordid stuff, in the disorderly lurking place called the soul, where, as in the Wings of the playhouse, men and women, not actors here but their own drab selves, hide from view and desperately con their parts, waiting for the "call" and the judgment of the gods.

Linceman.



**MR. SHUSTER'S SPEECH.**

Mr. Shuster's speech at the dinner given in his honor by the Persian Committee struck those who heard it as one of the most memorable pronouncements to which they had ever listened. A complete absence of rancour, a grave simplicity of utterance, a combination of modesty and conviction, a detailed repudiation of the random charges and gossip of Russian officials and journalists, a generous yet discriminating testimony to the capacity and character of the Mejliss made a deep impression on his audience. The tragic folly of his dismissal was intensified as he narrated and explained the steps he had taken to reorganize the finances of the country whose service he had entered. No one who saw and heard Mr. Shuster could doubt that in him Persia had found a man capable of evolving order from chaos, in complete loyalty both to his employers and to the rights and interests of Great Britain and Russia as recorded in the treaty of 1907.

Mr. Shuster, speaking quietly and deliberately, gave an account of his experiences as Treasurer-General of Persia during the past eight months. He made just such a statement of facts as would enable his audience to judge for themselves of the policies pursued towards a powerless country by two powerful Governments, who possess interests in Persia, and have constituted themselves her guardian. After describing the circumstances under which he took up the post of Treasurer-General, Mr. Shuster explained that he arrived in Teheran on May 12th, with three American assistants, and found the finances of the Persian Government in an absolutely chaotic state. Corruption and dishonesty of all kinds were rampant throughout the administrative services, and the desire for

financial reform came not from those whose livelihood and rewards depended upon the maintenance of the same conditions, that is, from the Governors of Provinces, financial agents, and even from members of the Cabinet themselves; it sprang from the Mejliss—an elective body of some 70 members, in whom centred the entire hopes of the Persian people for the sound and rapid establishment of constitutional principles in their country. After two days of discussion with people in every walk of life, especially leading members of the Mejliss, Mr. Shuster informed them that he could not undertake to accomplish any appreciable results in the way of financial regeneration unless he were given full, complete, and even arbitrary control over fiscal matters of all kinds, and it was for the Legislative Assembly to decide whether they could concede this power. The Mejliss promptly decided that this was a necessary step, and requested him to draft a simple basic financial law. This he did, and the law was passed on June 13th, by a practically unanimous vote, all political parties concurring.

Under this law, the Americans set to work to pick up the threads of Persia's tangled finance. Strong opposition to the law was immediately proclaimed by the foreign Legations, except the British, Turkish, and American. The Belgian officials, who were in charge of the Customs department, refused to recognize the law, and in this received the open and notorious support of the Russian Legation. It was only when Mr. Shuster stated that he would put before the Mejliss the cancellation of the contract of the Belgian Customs officials that opposition collapsed, and M Mornard agreed to obey the law. Mr. Shuster then explained the difficulties that arose from his endeavors

to employ Major Stokes to assist him in organizing a Treasury Gendarmerie. The British Foreign Office had only shortly before agreed to Major Stokes being employed for this work, if he resigned his post in the British-Indian Army, a thing he promptly did. Finding Russian opposition to Major Stokes accepting a three years' contract unalterable, Mr. Shuster tried to arrange to secure his services for ten months, but the Russian Legation absolutely refused to withdraw its opposition.

Mr. Shuster next described the confiscation of the estates of Shua-es-Saltanah, the brother of the ex-Shah, both of whom were in arms on Persian soil against the constitutional Government. The Persian Government having notified the Russian and British Legations, no objection having been made, and full assurances given to protect the rights of foreign subjects, the Treasurer-General sent civil officials and a few Treasury gendarmes to seize the properties. Thereupon the Russian Consul-General, Pokhitonow, sent two vice-consuls in uniform with 12 armed Russian cossacks to arrest the Treasury officials, and take them to the Russian Consulate, where their lives were threatened. Mr. Shuster notified the Russian Legation of his intention of re-occupying the property, which he did next day with 100 gendarmes, under two American officers. The Persian Government protested strongly to the Russian Government, with the result that Russia sent an ultimatum, demanding the withdrawal of the Treasury officials, and also a public apology. After much hesitation, and as a result of advice tendered by the British Foreign Office, the Persian Government complied with the humiliating demand. This was followed by a second ultimatum, not only demanding the dismissal of Mr. Shuster, the right to decide on the continuance in Persian service of his 14 American assistants, and the

payment of a large indemnity, but also containing an omnibus clause, under which Russia could claim anything from Persia for past, present, or future actions, and Persia must satisfactorily comply therewith, under a penalty of being held to have violated the ultimatum.

After a careful review of these incidents, continued Mr. Shuster, he concluded either that the Russian and British Governments must have intended to pursue a policy calculated to destroy all hopes of Persia's regeneration and upbuilding through the efforts of the people themselves, or else the two Governments must have been continuously and grossly misinformed as to the course of events. Then, after refuting the charges on which the demand for his dismissal was based, the speaker said that the Mejliss three times refused the second ultimatum, even under conditions of such danger that the arrival of Russian troops was daily expected. After declaring his respect for the patriotic attitude adopted by the Mejliss at the greatest personal risk, Mr. Shuster dwelt on the ability of the Persians to govern themselves. After five years of effort, he said, in which the Persian people, after many trouble and difficulties, had succeeded in repelling a connived attack upon their national independence, they were told that the Persians were incapable of producing a stable and orderly government. This he did not believe. He believed they were capable, and in an astonishingly short time a stable and orderly government was being evolved. Mr. Shuster also gave it as his experience that from the time he was there 90 per cent. of the disorder in the Persian Empire was imported. Some people have questioned whether the Persians deserve assistance in their efforts for autonomy. The reply is that there exists among them a body of patriots who, at the

risk of their lives, champion principles which everyone knows to be sound. However, the Powers decided that as the Mejliss would not sign away their sovereignty as a nation, it should be dissolved by a *coup d'état*, and all vestige of constitutional government came to an end. The fact that the last elements of representative government of twelve millions of people could be wiped out in a day without one drop of blood being shed was evidence of the temperance and moderation of the Persian people, of which no civilized peo-

The Economist.

ple in the world could give an equal proof in the same circumstances.

After a final word in his own defence, Mr. Shuster concluded with the hope that, for the sake of the Persian people, in whom he would always feel the deepest interest, that meeting might be an augury of greater interest on the part of the British public in that little, weak, and war-cursed country, and that Britains will demand for Persians a fair deal in the future, even at the cost of undoing of something that has been done in the past.

## THE ALIEN LAUREL.

### I.

(Extract from the literary columns of "The Universe.")

In *The Pan-English Review* there are several contributions of exceptional merit, but we venture to doubt if the editor was well advised in printing "The Lure of Her Lips," a poem by Mr. Williamson Jelfe. It contains some powerful lines, but the subject is, to put it plainly, repulsive, and Mr. Jelfe's treatment does not make it less so. We think Mr. Jelfe would do better to confine himself to the geological studies with which his name has hitherto been honorably connected.

### II.

(Extract from an article on "The Month-lies" in "The Cross-Bow.")

The poetry this month is not of a very high standard, but from this judgment we must except "The Lure of Her Lips," by Mr. Williamson Jelfe, in *The Pan-English Review*. This is undoubtedly the most remarkable poem that has appeared for many a long year. It vibrates with passion, and the writer's power of expression is adequate to the strange beauty of his subject. We do not say that it will please

the nincompoops who direct English literary judgment. It is not addressed to the *jeune fille*. But for sheer splendid virility it would be difficult to match it in the poetry of this or any age.

### III.

(From Mr. Williamson Jelfe to the Editor of "The Pan-English Review.")

Sir,—Words would not be equal to describing my astonishment at finding in your issue of this month that I am credited with the authorship of a poem entitled "The Lure of Her Lips." I can only say that I consider it a most dreadful poem, and I cannot make out its metre. If I understand the intention of the author it is to glorify the most terrible things. I have never read anything worse anywhere. What I want to say is that I did not write it. I could never dream of doing such a thing, and I must therefore ask you to insert an immediate apology in *The Times* and all the other papers. It is true that I did submit to you for insertion an article entitled "Palæontological Aspects of a Neglected District," but that is no excuse for attributing such a poem to me. Kindly let me hear from you at once.

IV.

(The Editor of "The Pan-English Review" to Mr. Williamson Jelfe.)

Sir,—I own that your letter has surprised me. You deny the authorship of "The Lure of Her Lips," but you will see that the MS. (which I enclose) bears your name—though the address is different. You will remember that I informed you that your contribution was only just in time for insertion in this issue. I regret that in the hurry of the moment no proof was sent to you. The Poem has, I may tell you, created a great sensation and has materially increased the sale of the Review. I enclose a cutting from *The Cross-Bow*, which will show you how favorably it is being noticed by those who are most competent to judge. It gives me great pleasure to enclose for your acceptance a cheque for £20 in payment for the poem. Kindly acknowledge receipt on the accompanying form.

V.

(From Mr. Williamson Jelfe to the Editor of "The Pan-English Review.")

Sir,—I am much obliged for your letter and cheque, receipt for which I enclose. Under the circumstances it will perhaps be better for me to say nothing more about this unfortunate business—though some of my friends may find it hard to understand how I can reconcile the writing of such a poem with the secretaryship of the Palæontological Association. However, they must think what they like. Do you propose to publish my article on "The Palæontological Aspects of a Neglected District"?

Punch.

VI.

(From Miss Harrison Bale to her nephew, Williamson Jelfe.)

My dear Nephew,—A little bird has whispered to me that you have added the laurels of a poet to your other distinctions, and I am dying to see the poem which has brought you such fame. Here in Wintervale we see no magazines, but I have sent to my bookseller and have ordered a copy of *The Pan-English Review*—what a strange name for a paper! It has always been my ambition that my favorite nephew should shine as an author, for in these days old-fashioned morality requires the defence of everybody who has a heart and a conscience.

Your advice about my last investments has been wonderfully sound—and yet they say that poets cannot be business men!

Your affectionate aunt,

Harrison.

VII.

(From Mr. Williamson Solfe to the Editor of "The Pan-English Review.")

Sir,—I see you have published my poem, "The Lure of Her Lips." Kindly send payment for it to the above address, and be good enough to note that my name is "Solfe," not "Jelfe," as you print it—a very annoying error. A word to that effect in your next issue will oblige. I cannot understand why no proof was sent to me.

Yours faithfully,

Williamson Solfe.

(This correspondence is still continuing, but we can print no more.)

## A CENTENARY MEETING.

"Poor fellow!" said Mr. Winkle, soothingly, as he dragged at the bridle on foot—"Poor fellow!—good old horse."

But the horse pulled obstinately backwards. He would not even go sideways, though the immortal ghosts (and the horse among them) were crowding to celebrate the centenary of the birth that produced them all.

Mainly for want of room, large numbers of Mortimers, Montagues, Hawkes, and heroines had been excluded from the invitation to breakfast, and they hovered in the distance disconsolate.

"Considerin' the Wings of Love, they're late," said Mrs. Gamp, taking her station next the teapot as the first arrival, and drawing a cucumber from her pocket.

"Master Alick and Miss Jane," cried the nurse of the Pocket children, hurrying up, "if you go a-bouncin' up against them bushes, you'll fall over into the river, and be drowned; and what'll your pa say then?"

"I've come as a bandit," observed Mr. Tupman, mildly.

"Lived on a pair of boots—whole fortnight!"—cried the hungry Jingle. "Silk umbrella—ivory handle—week—fact—honor—ask Job—knows it."

"My friends," said Mr. Chadband, as they gathered round the table, "What is this we now behold as being spread before us? Refreshment! Do we need refreshment then, my friends? We do. And why do we need refreshment, my friends? Because we are but mortal, because we are but sinful, because we are but of the earth, because we are not of the air. Can we fly, my friends? We cannot."

"Some men," said Harold Skimpole, "want legs of beef and mutton for breakfast; I don't. Give me my peach, my cup of coffee, and my claret; I am content. I don't want them for themselves, but they remind me of the sun.

There's nothing solar about legs of beef and mutton."

"Come, Oliver," said Mr. Bumble, "wipe your eyes on the cuffs of your jacket, and don't cry into your gruel."

Oliver Twist made the request expected of him, and the man in the white waistcoat said he knew that boy would be hung.

"He must be mad," said Mrs. Sowerby.

"It's not madness, ma'am," replied Mr. Bumble; "it's meat."

"Meat," said the butcher, "must be humored, not drove."

"Look at them tears," said Mr. Squeers; "there's oiliness! Ah, here's richness!" he added, pouring out milk and water for two trembling pupils. "Think of the many beggars and orphans in the streets that would be glad of this, little boys."

As they all sat down to the table, it was found that Dick Swiveller had already begun. "There's a charm," he said, apologizing; "there's a charm in drawing a potato from its native element (if I may so express it) to which the rich and powerful are strangers."

Catching sight of his son with a glass to his lips, Mr. Weller remarked, "You'd ha' made an uncommon fine oyster, Sammy, if you'd been born in that station of life," and added, "A glass of the invariable, my dear."

"Cold punch," said Mr. Pickwick.

"My dear young friends, all taps is vanities," said Stiggins.

"The soul recalls from food at such a moment," said Mr. Guppy; whereupon Sam Weller told him he looked "as convivial as a live trout in a lime basket."

But a certain gravity came over all, as they thought of their originator, dead more than forty years.

"Mine was no common loss," said Mrs. Nickleby.



"I feel it more than other people," murmured Mrs. Gummidge; "I feel my troubles, and they make me contrairy. If things must go contrairy with me, and I must go contrairy myself, let me go contrairy in my parish."

"She's been thinking of the old 'un," said Mr. Peggotty.

"He was born into a wale, and he lived in a wale, and must take the consequences of sech a sitiuation," said Mrs. Gamp.

"He glided almost imperceptibly from the world," sighed Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Pharaoh's multitude that were drowned in the Red Sea ain't more beyond restoring to life," said the Boy.

"Mrs. Harris," continued Mrs. Gamp, "I says to her, 'don't name the charge, for if I could afford to lay all my feller-creeturs out for nothink, I would gladly do it, sech is the love I bears 'em.'"

"My feelings," said Mr. Pecksniff, "will not consent to be entirely smothered, like the young children in the Tower. They are grown up, and the more I press the bolster on them, the more they look round the corner of it."

"There are some men," groaned Mr. Augustus Moddle, "who cannot get run over. Coal waggons recoil from them, and even cabs refuse to run them down."

"What might have been is not what is," Mr. Wilfer observed, and suddenly all had the same thought.

"If Dickens had not been born!"

Then Mrs. Wilfer, sitting like a frozen article on sale in a Russian market, turned to her daughters; "Pray," she inquired, "do you know what would have become of you if I had not bestowed my hand upon your father?"

"I must not think of this," murmured Mr. Twemlow to himself. "This is enough to soften any man's brain."

"Some people," continued Mrs. Gamp, "may be Rooshans, and others may be Prooshans; they are born so, and will

please themselves. Them which is of other natures thinks different."

"She's a rum 'un, is Natur," said Mr. Squeers.

"She is a holy thing, sir," remarked Snawley.

"I believe you," Mr. Squeers continued with a moral sigh; "I should like to know how we should ever get on without her. Oh, what a blessed thing it is to be in a state of natur!"

"Peace!" cried Mrs. Wilfer.

"After all, you know, ma'am, we know it's there," said George Sampson, thinking of Lavinia and an under-petticoat.

"I am not Wenis, good gentlemen," said Miss Miggs; "No, I am not. Don't charge me with it."

"The sin and wickedness of the lower orders in this porochial district," said Mr. Bumble, "is frightful."

"If he was a gentleman's son at all," said Mrs. Squeers, reverting to the subject of the centenary, "he was a fondling, that's my opinion. I say again, I hate him worse than poison."

"All the wickedness of the world was Print to him," said Mrs. Gamp; "The words he spoke of, Mrs. Harris, lambs could not forgive, nor worms forget."

"Charity, my dear," said Mr. Pecksniff, "when I take my chamber candlestick to-night, remind me to be more than usual particular in praying for Mr. Dickens, who has done me an injustice."

"He's a partaker of glory at present," said Uriah Heep.

"He was beat in his apprenticeship for three weeks (off and on) about the head with a ringbolt," said Captain Cuttle; "And yet a clearer-minded man don't walk. There ain't a man that walks—certainly not on two legs—that can come near him."

"His was an intellect," said Mr. Micawber, "capable of getting up the classics to any extent."

"Blest if I don't think his heart

must have been born five-and-twenty years after his body at least," said Sam Weller.

"He certainly," said Miss Petowker, "had something in his appearance quite—dear, dear—what's that word again?"

"What word?" inquired Mr. Lilly-vick.

"Why—dear me, how stupid I am," Miss Petowker replied, hesitating; "What do you call it when Lords break off door-knockers, and beat policemen, and play at coaches with other people's money, and all that sort of thing?"

"Aristocratic?" suggested the collector.

"Ah! aristocratic," answered Miss Petowker; "Something very aristocratic about him, wasn't there?"

"We are not what we used to be in point of Deportment," said Mr. Turveydrop; "England—alas, my country!—has degenerated very much. I see nothing to succeed us but a race of weavers."

"The Blood Drinker' will die with that girl" said Mr. Crummles, with a prophetic sigh, looking at Miss Petowker; "And she's the only sylph I ever saw who could stand upon one leg, and play the tambourine on her other knee, like a sylph."

"If," cried Mr. Pecksniff, soaring up into a lofty flight, "If, as the poet informs us, England expects Every man to do his duty, England is the most sanguine country on the face of the earth, and will find itself continually disappointed."

"We English," retorted Mr. Podsnap, "are very proud of our Constitution, sir. It was bestowed upon us by Providence. No other country is so favored as this country. Other countries do—I am sorry to be obliged to say it—as they do."

"We do good by stealth, and blush to have it mentioned in our little bills," said Mr. Mould.

"The profit of dissimulation!" cried

Mr. Pecksniff. "To worship the golden calf of Baal for eighteen shillings a week! O Calf, Calf! O Baal, Baal!"

"I only ask to be free," said Harold Skimpole. "The butterflies are free. Mankind will surely not deny to Harold Skimpole what it concedes to the butterflies?"

"I am not at liberty to consult my own wishes," said Mr. Spenlow; "I have a partner. Mr. Jorkins is not to be moved, believe me."

"Mr. Spenlow is immovable," said Mr. Jorkins.

Mr. Tupman was here heard to whisper, "Miss Wardle, you are an angel. I know it but too well." And seeing that the lady was about to collapse, the Artful Dodger cried, "Give her a whiff of fresh air with the bellows, Charley, and you slap her hands, Fagin, while Bill undoes the petticoats."

"A petticoat, sir, a petticoat, sir, is ir-revokeable," said the man in blue, and was supported by "the victim of oppression in the suit of brimstone."

The party then, rising from table, dispersed in various groups, and Mr. Bumble observed what an opportunity was opened for a joining of hearts and housekeepings. Mr. Mantalini called for his cup of happiness's sweetener, whom Mr. Venus described as worthy of being loved by a Potentate. Aunt Betsy cried, "Janet! Donkeys!" Mr. Dick prepared a kite, with plenty of string, for the diffusion of his facts. Barkis, Codlin, and Short made the observations on which they live. Serjeant Buzfuz accused Mr. Pickwick of "revolting heartlessness and systematic villainy." Approaching Mr. Slurk, Mr. Pott remarked that he viewed him personally and politically in no other light than as a most unparalleled and unmitigated viper. Both seized upon Bob Sawyer, who protested his opinions at present were neither Buff nor Blue, but a kind of plaid. Standing on one side of the Fat Boy, Benjamin Allen

said, "I wish you'd let me bleed you," and, standing on the other, Mr. Chadband exclaimed: "Put it, my juvenile friends, that this slumbering heathen saw an elephant, and returning, said, 'Lo, the city is barren. I have seen but an eel,' would that be Terewth?"

But Mrs. Jellaby was beginning to move uneasily. "Good-bye," she hastily cried at last; "and when I tell you that I have fifty-eight new letters from manufacturing families anxious to understand the details of the Native and Coffee Cultivation question this morning, I need not apologize for having very little leisure."

"I wish Africa was dead," said Miss Jellaby.

Meantime, Mr. Micawber, having announced that the twins no longer derived their sustenance from Nature's founts, was tying a wooden spoon by a long line to the body of each of his children, with a view to emigration. Whereupon Mrs. Micawber flung her arms round him, crying she wished her husband to be the Cæsar of his own fortunes, but she would never desert him; it was no use asking her.

"He's a victim of connubiality," observed Sam Weller, "as Blue Beard's domestic chaplain said, with a tear of pity, ven they buried him."

The Nation.

"When you're a married man, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, "You'll understand a good many things as you don't understand now; but vether it's worth while goin' through so much to learn so little, as the charity boy said when he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter of taste."

Then Mr. Micawber, proudly standing on a Windsor chair, thus addressed the author of their being: "Go on, my dear sir," he cried. "You are not unknown here, you are not unappreciated. Though 'remote,' we are neither 'unfriended,' 'melancholy,' nor (I may add) 'slow.' Go on, my dear sir, in your Eagle course! The inhabitants of Port Middlebay may at least aspire to watch it, with delight, with entertainment, with instruction!"

"Now, Mr. Sawyer!" screamed the shrill voice of Mrs. Raddle, "are them brutes going?"

"Hold!" said Mrs. Wilfer, with solemnity. "Leave me to open the door. We have at present no stipendiary girl to do so."

Through the gate of dreams the immortal ghosts streamed back into the common world, and the centenary party of that vital mind, that sunny and indignant heart, was over.

H. W. N.

## EASTER IN THE HOLY LAND.

That the Holy Land should have struck an impressionable traveller like Fynes Moryson "with a religious horror" is not surprising, for the first sensation of anyone not a Hottentot, on stepping out of the tossing shore-boat alongside the orange-scented quays of Jaffa, is one of pleasant dread. He seems to have returned to the age of miracles. Any moment Jonah's great fish might come swimming down the coast, or St. George's dragon raise its

head above the waves. It makes a man feel an almost irresistible desire to bare his head and remove his boots, for he is on the threshold of a land which for two faiths is the Holy of Holies, while a third jealousy guards not only their shrines but also venerable relics of its own. If the rains are over early, the climate of Palestine is admirable with Easter falling as it does this year, so that, apart even from the romance of the Easter pilgrimage, with its

flaxen-haired Russians and woolly-headed Abyssinians bathing together in the yellow waters of the Jordan or crowding the scented aisles of the holy churches, the second week in March is the right and proper time to leave England.

Of the available routes preference may be given to that by way of Cairo, so that, if the March rain and wind are not too much in evidence, a day or two may be spent beside the dreamy Nile before taking the Khedivial mail-steamer to Jaffa, whence, with frequent digressions inland, the tourist may conveniently work up the Syrian coast and so home from Constantinople by Orient Express or steamer to Marseilles. The landing at Jaffa, the Joppa of Bible story, is a pleasant experience only in the quietest weather, for at other times, though the watermen handle their heavy surf-boats with wonderful skill, it is nervous work running the gauntlet of the chevaux de frise of rocks between the anchorage and the port. One day, it may be, Turkish enterprise may remove the obstacle, but it is still as fearsome as when Josephus shuddered at sight of it. Apart from being remembered as the traveller's first resting-place in Palestine, Jaffa is not a remarkable spot, being, like other ports on the coast, in the hands of the ill-used nation which, without considerable overseas possessions of its own, has lost no time in profiting by those of its neighbors. As the steamer is usually too late to enable passengers to catch the one train of the day to Jerusalem, they must stay the night at the *Hôtel du Parc*. It has no park, but a very pleasant garden, with the orange blossom reeking at this season, and its cuisine, if unpretentious, is at least equal to that of most hotels in that region. Of the train to Jerusalem, the less said the better. It is however a necessary evil, for the scenery between

the Mediterranean and the Holy City is not such as to encourage the alternative of boot and saddle, though the proprietor of the hotel did on one occasion race the train on his white mare, and actually reached Jaffa first, with five minutes in hand. Enough said!

Jerusalem, standing on its two hills, is alone amongst cities. It is holier than Rome, or Moscow, or Mecca, or Medina. Ordinary standards of comparison avail nothing. Stripped of its unforgettable past, it would be no more than a dirty city, badly drained, badly lighted, overrun by the sons of Israel and Hamburg, packed with beggars, echoing the accents of Broadway and Berlin. Yet of what account are such drawbacks to him who can wander down the steep Street of David, or listen to the Jews wailing beside their Temple, or linger in the ghostly shadow of the Sepulchre? True, a dreadful note of discord is struck by the presence of Moslem guards in the churches, and the tourist may be so filled with righteous indignation on finding that these unbelievers are not even withdrawn during divine service, that he resolves to write to the papers at home to condemn such outrage. Alas! He will be fortunate if he stays a week without learning the truth, seeing rival processions of Greeks and Latins in actual conflict, with lesser broil of Copts, Nestorians, and other sects unable to bury the theological hatchet even beneath the sacred fane. By way of contrast with this turmoil of the churches, the philosopher may find eternal peace in the Mosque of Omar on the hill where once stood the Temple of Solomon. Beneath the glorious mosaics of its cupola lies, so Muhammadans believe, the veritable stone on which Abraham made ready to sacrifice Isaac.

Bethlehem is an hour's ride from the Jaffa Gate along a good road leading past the fields in which Ruth

gleaned ears of corn and through narrow streets to the low portal of the Church of the Nativity. The Grotto is crowded with pilgrims at Easter, and a personal experience suggests a caution against pickpockets, who are not above profiting by the occasion. The artist will inevitably be struck by the serene beauty of many of the women of Bethlehem, and will be filled with regret that the difficulties of travel in the Middle Ages restricted the Old Masters to the plain models of two countries instead of enabling them to paint their Madonnas on the spot. A longer excursion from Jerusalem to Jericho, the Jordan, and the Dead Sea, should occupy at least three days, and should be done on horseback, as the Jerusalem cab is the most woeful tumble even in the Near East.

The Dead Sea is a lake of death, unearthly accursed—a geographical curiosity no doubt, but associated with no endearing traditions. Wholly different is the beautiful Sea of Galilee, variously known as the Lake of Genesareth or Lake of Tiberias, a magnificent sheet of fresh water framed in towering mountains, with sacred ruins along every mile of its shore, teeming with fish that have been famous ever since Roman times, and within easy reach of the port of Haifa—which is, I believe, one of the ports of call on the P. and O. spring cruise in that region. It may be reached, by way of Nazareth, on horseback or by carriage—a preferable mode of travel to the train from Haifa, which seems a sacrilege amid such scenes, and which is for those only who are slaves to the clock and calendar. I have drifted on many greater lakes in Canada and elsewhere, but none had the curious haunting glamour of that which the rabbis of old called "Jehovah's delight." Time should at all costs be found for an extended sail on the lake. A day is none too much, for the tourist should visit

Capernaum and Bethsaida at the least; and if there is no breeze—and it is very apt to fall in March or April—the Syrian oarsmen will take their time unless despatch be purchased with a heavy baksheesh over and above the normal modest tariff. Tiberias, which was built by Herod, once boasted a forum, a synagogue of some pretensions, and a citadel. Little enough remains of its ancient glory to-day, but the moonlight vista from the flat roof of the Franciscan Casa Nova is bathed in a romance lacking in many more beautiful prospects even in that land of religious links. I stayed at the Casa Nova in preference to the hotel, which happened at the moment to be somewhat generously occupied by those whose future is on the sea (though they rarely look as if they realize it when they are on it themselves); and those who do likewise should not omit to leave an envelope on their plate after the last meal containing a sum equivalent to at least ten francs a day for their stay. Nothing is asked, but every tourist who is not a tripper will realize that the slender resources of the establishment are not intended for the entertainment of economic sightseers. At Capernaum the visitor may be so fortunate as to come on the solitary German monk, a native of Würtemberg, who is devoting his life to excavations on the site of the ancient synagogue—a labor of love that has already been rewarded by very encouraging results. It is also possible, in a long day's cruise, to visit the Jordan, both where it comes tumbling into the lake and where it leaves on its way to the Dead Sea; but everywhere it is a muddy river, with little reward for the eye and less for the fishing-rod. Some black buffaloes are usually to be found grazing in the long grass at the upper end of the lake, but though fierce in appearance, they are harmless brutes and as docile as lambs when bullied by



the little Syrian children who tend them.

It is usual to leave the Sea of Gallilee by way of Samach, which is reached, with a favorable breeze, in an hour from Tiberias; though as a rule the wind falls dead about half-way, and anyone with a train to catch will be well advised in allowing twice the time. Samach is an unpretentious station on the line which runs from Haifa to Damascus. Those with time will doubtless pay a visit, if only a flying one, to the Syrian capital, which is more typically Muhamadan than any other city in the Holy Land, while the mosque of the Ommayyedes, which contains, among other treasures, the head of John the Baptist, is perhaps the most splendid of its kind in the country. Otherwise it is but a short journey by train to Haifa, whence the tourist may re-embark. Should his time be drawing to a close, he will probably elect to return as he came, by way of Egypt, but with leisure he may do

The Outlook.

worse than proceed up the coast, by way of Smyrna and the Dardanelles, to Constantinople.

As for Constantinople, it is many things to many men. There is a dream of fairyland in the first sight of its minarets and palaces seen from the deck of a steamer swinging in the swift currents off Seraglio Point. Its spring-time is brief, yet in the second week of April the wild flowers should be ablaze on the steep sides of the Bosphorus like the glory of a Turkey carpet. And before the tourist takes his seat in the Orient Express, or his cabin in the Mesageries steamer, he will surely feel a little regret, for he will not wholly have escaped the spell of the crumbling land walls, of caiques dancing over the little waves of the Golden Horn, of the holy peace of San Sofia, with its worshippers and its praying-carpets, and of the kaleidoscopic life that he has seen daily on the most wonderful bridge in the world.

*F. G. Aflalo.*

## OUR SHARE IN THE RENAISSANCE.

One most lamentable consequence of the total divorce between art and life at the present day is that it seldom occurs to any of us that art and life were ever really united. It seldom occurs to any of us that art, now the serious plaything of a few experimentalists and professional critics, can ever have been the mouthpiece of the rough, popular, prevalent instincts of the populace of a nation. Not seeing art in this connection with life we ignore a chief interest it possesses for us. Architecture is that branch of art which has expressed the spirit of its age most completely, and which, in its creative epochs, has received into itself most of the national life. It is therefore the art which has most of human interest to communi-

cate. But if the reader will examine any of the books on architecture, of which a large number are published annually, all by professional architects, he will discover that this art never is treated as a record and embodiment of life, that changes of style never are explained as arising out of similar changes in the spirit of their age. No, architecture to the professors of the art is, what all other arts are to their specialists, entirely a matter of art. The explanation of all the modifications it undergoes are to be sought in the material it uses and the laws of construction it obeys. From these sources of inspiration are developed, by an inevitable process of "evolution," the various styles which have come

down to us. Those styles account for themselves. What the vault was yesterday dictates what it must be to-day and will have to be to-morrow. The whole process is a natural growth proceeding from within and producing forms of which the recurrence is inevitable. I know of no kind of reasoning more fatal to all human interest in the subject, or which in fact has had more to do with the drying up of that interest among the public at large.

Let us see now if, taking a single transition among English styles and treating it not as a matter of structural evolution but as a change adapted at every phase to a corresponding change in thought and life, we can arrive at some idea of the kind of interest which is to be found in this subject. Let us take the transition from pointed Gothic to flat Gothic, or, as it is usually called, Tudor. The Tudor style is often regarded with a kind of negligent disfavor as the last phase in the decrepitude of Gothic. The tame, flat-headed arches and vaults, to which, by the sixteenth century, the fiery Gothic point had sunk, are to all appearance representative of the collapse of the mediæval inspiration. Such a style might, we think, be apt enough for domestic convenience or civic display, and the manor houses and guild-halls of the period are admittedly good of their kind; but that there can be any vigor or promise of originality in what looks so like a change from energy to lassitude we are slow to imagine. Yet there is this to be said for the incoming style, that it proceeds with all the assurance and steady coherence of a movement that is sure of its own purpose. It does not, as is the way of a decadence, dissipate itself in a variety of fitful impulses, but, on the basis of one or two radical alterations, works out the characteristic features of a style. The arch and vault were the features in which all that was essential

in Gothic took shape. With these Tudor dealt. It took the tall Gothic arch and forcibly widened it out, bending down the sides of it exactly as a hedger bends down ash saplings to form the framework of his hedge, until, instead of soaring upward, the lines of the arch spread almost horizontally and its flat curve approached more nearly to the form of an architrave than an arch. The vault was dealt with in the same way. Its giddy height was relaxed and the soaring ribs lowered until its whole character was altered and a lateral ideal was substituted for a vertical one. These are bold measures. What is the aim in view? The spacious proportions of Tudor interiors, resulting necessarily from the substitution of flat for pointed ceilings, answer the question. The aim is to introduce into architecture the qualities belonging to the horizontal line in the place of those belonging to the vertical line.

But now if the reader will glance around at what was taking place at this time over the rest of Europe, he will perceive that this aim of English architecture was a European aim, and that, as manifested by Europe, this aim is what we call the Renaissance. The desire to substitute horizontal for vertical developments, spaciousness for height, summarizes the intention of this Renaissance so far as architecture is concerned, and if we would but concentrate a little less on technical details and a little more on general proportions, we should indeed perceive that the Tudor style, our contribution to the horizontal ideal, is in truth a bit of the Renaissance, differing only from the rest of that movement in the important fact of being of Gothic instead of Latin extraction. Similar though the style is, the idea that prompts Tudor is the idea which is prompting the great architectural metamorphosis on the European scale. I

wish that any one who desires to enter into the oncoming of this idea would first stand in a Gothic church until his own mood is harmonized with the church's mood, and the tall lines of the structure, ascending in an almost visible act of adoration, express his own feelings, and then visit a Renaissance interior, and there too in the same way give himself up to the architecture, until the largeness and calmness of it seem the embodiment of his own mental condition. To do this is to turn what was once a great revolution in the history of thought into a matter of personal experience. It is to live through mediævalism into the modern era. Has he not felt with Gothic architecture all that allies it with the instinct of spiritual adoration, and with the Renaissance style all that makes it so appropriate a lodging, not indeed for fervor and supplication, but for something in its degree also valuable, for quiet thought and a calm intellectual survey, for that mood, in a word, so dear to the lucid-minded Greeks and to all intellectually inclined generations since. No longer will it seem strange to him that classic architecture is so bereft of the best tinge of the vertical tendency, for how should it be there when that which produces it was absent? And no longer will it seem strange that mediæval art was barren of the horizontal tendency since, obviously enough, all that that tendency stands for was lacking in mediæval life. Each style appears in turn when its equivalent in thought dominates life, nor will it seem anything but inevitable to one arrived at this stage, that immediately the old mundane and rational temper, the temper that loves to look not upward but around, revives, the structural proportions which embody it in architecture should revive along with it.

The mental change precedes the structural. Do not let us be put off

by being told that Renaissance arose out of the discovery of classic remains; as though classic odds and ends had not always been lying about, or as though any one could ever discover anything, in the sense of being able to use it rightly, unless he were already close to the invention of it. The nations of Europe revived classic forms when, and in so far as, they approached the classic point of view, and if they had not discovered the classic horizontalism they would have invented one of their own. Italy was making experiments in this direction when she was drawn by the classic influence; France was making them when she was drawn by Italy. But the only nation, thanks to its insular position and to the influence of the Reformation which cut it off from European ideas, to bring its experiments to the fruition of a style was England. In England alone a Gothic horizontal style, owing nothing to Italy or Latin sources; was ensured out of national conditions. It is to be considered in strict relationship to the change which was taking place in the life of the country, the change which was moulding English society on the lines of practical progress it has since adhered to, which was developing such characteristic types as the squire, the tradesman, the lawyer, the city merchant, to the change, in short, from an exaltedly spiritual to a material and mundane point of view. The Tudor style in England is the last word of Gothic; the last word of Gothic, that is to say of democratic art. Whatever may be the exact estimate formed of it, it will be admitted I believe, by all good judges, that its achievements far surpass in purity and sincerity anything that we have since done in the Latin manner. We have never borrowed from the classic to any real purpose. What have we of classic adaptation to set beside King's College Chapel or Trinity Hall, or the Oxford

colleges, or Montacute, or Cobham, or Ingestre? Our English guilds and artisans have given us all we have, not in the vertical manner only, but in the horizontal also.

Such is England's contribution to the Renaissance. It was but a beginning, and yet how promising! A little while and the prevalent Latin fashion swamped it. With it died the democratic theory of art as a national possession and perquisite of labor. The country was inundated with foreign

*The Eye-Witness.*

ideas and professional architects competent to deal with them. We have been assiduous in imitating, reviving, adapting. Yet still it holds good that none of all our achievements of expert knowledge and taste and skill can equal in the qualities that please lastingly the achievements of an artisan in the days of free labor. That to me is a token full of promise. Only the English people can build, and some day the art of building must be by them resumed.

*March Phillips.*

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Dainty and charming as an old print, fascinating and readable, is "The Luck of Rathcoole," by Mrs. Jeanie Gould Lincoln. The romance is laid in the time of Washington's first administration, and the scene is old New York with all its picturesqueness. Washington's Inauguration, a masked ball, coaches and four, bandits, the shops of the old city, are all parts of the vivid pageant. The "fair women and brave men," who appear in the pages are extremely life-like, and command an involuntary admiration from the beginning. Intrigue, sorrow, joy and good fortune are woven about the fate of a strange jewel which meets with adventures on both sides of the ocean. At last it comes to its own, as the mysterious hero of the romance reveals his identity and wins the inimitable "Miss Moppet." Unlike so many historical novels, this story is never heavy, but it is swiftly moving, sprightly and of unflagging interest. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Since the days of Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's success in constructing a story on the foundation of a contemporary statesman's life, the "favorite son" has

been a shining mark for the novelist, and Mr. Henry Russell Miller's "His Rise to Power" has had so many predecessors that its author can hardly assert that his hero is a novel personage. On the other hand, his heroine is as brave as Elizabeth Tudor's self as she stoops to conquer, and she does her wooing right royally. The vicissitudes through which the hero passes on his way from distinction for simple honesty to the highest office in the gift of his fellow-citizens are artistically interwoven with more than one career familiar to students of contemporary history, and now and then occur scenes not to be read without a decided thrill. Such are those in which the hero's townsmen greet his return to them in the full flush of political triumph, and that in which the defeated financier tells his daughter of his ill-fortune. Mr. Miller has in this book far surpassed "The Man Higher Up." The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

A certain class of fiction does not attempt to give a cross section of life, with characters whose universality startles and pleases. Rather, in some novels, the main purpose is to depict

great emotions or currents of feeling, and the characters are interesting only as human expressions of elemental forces. "Love Like the Sea," by J. E. Patterson, belongs to this latter class. It would be difficult to find another book where the theme is so apparent upon every page, in every sentence. "A problem story of life among the lowly," it has been called, and the author's purpose is to show the similarity between love and the sea. We doubt somewhat if most human beings find the way even of love and sorrow so unmingled as did Mary and Derreck of the story. In real life, humor, and the hold of familiar custom and habit keep people from dwelling forever, without respite upon the plane of emotion. The chief value of the book is its remarkable treatment of the sea, its pictures of shipwreck, storm and calm. Here is the touch of one who knows whereof he speaks, and whose appeal will be felt by all who love the sea. Geo. H. Doran Company.

A story without a villain, without a tragedy, without a single "tense" situation or unpleasant suggestion, T. R. Sullivan's "The Heart of Us" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) makes its appeal to the reader by its clever analysis and vivid portrayal of feminine moods, its keen discernment, and its unfailing good humor. Old Bostonians will find in it an added charm in that it is the Boston of a generation ago which furnishes its setting.—Beacon Hill, the "Avenue," the Common and the Garden, even the "Autocrat" himself, walking briskly down the "long path" and finding the seat under the ginkgo tree pre-empted. Very likely the Bostonians aforesaid will imagine that they can identify the Temple Theatre, Jarvis and even the blithe Miss Colt. There is a faint suggestion of a long-ago romance which runs through the story like an almost undistinguishable

thread; but the interest centres in a real romance which turns upon the perfectly intelligible but variant moods of a very charming girl, with just a vague suggestion of a third romance which might have been but was not. If this seems enigmatical it is so only that the reader may follow the plot for himself, without any unkind foreshadowings of it to diminish his interest. The story is extremely well told; and it is one which, in these days of perfunctory fiction, was well worth telling.

Henry Edward Krehbiel's "Chapters of Opera," first published in 1908, is presented by Henry Holt & Co. in a new, third edition, brought down to the present time by appendices summarizing the performances at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, in the seasons 1908-9, 1909-10, and 1910-11, and the seasons at the Manhattan Opera House 1908-9 and 1909-10. As the musical critic of the New York Tribune for more than thirty years Mr. Krehbiel has enjoyed unusual opportunities for close study of his subject. From the stall which he has occupied in the Metropolitan Opera House from its opening in 1883 he has watched the changes in fashions and fads, the coming and going of singers and impresarios, and the rivalries and strifes of competing managements. Of all this and a great deal more he writes with keen critical discrimination and unfailing good sense and good humor. Not the least interesting and diverting chapters are those in which he reviews the history of opera in America from the first English ballad opera at about the middle of the eighteenth century down to the opening of the Metropolitan Opera House. The book is illustrated with more than seventy portraits of singers and pictures of opera houses.